RIP OFF COMICS GROUP

RIP OFF Comix No. 27 PRESENTS

$3.25 $4.50 IN CANADA

ADULT MATERIAL

SEX ELL!

PISTON LUBE

KUMLEY HAIR GEL

RIP OFF COMIX

BOUNGER

DEBBIE DOES COMICS

ONE FOR THE BOYS

"YES, Oh, God, yes, yes, yes!!" she gasped, clutching at the moist Formica ® countertop, her naked, sticky hands leaving long smears of pink, warm jam behind them. Her husky voice moaned, rising to match her growing excitement, urgently commanding her virile, sweating partner. "Don't stop now! That's right! Do it, like that, do it harder, you got it! AH, AH, ARRRGGH!!! NOW! BABY!! Stick it all the way in... and—and *turn it!*

Well, I hate to tell you, but the above couple weren't **FORNICATING LIKE MINKS**—they were just replacing a kitchen light bulb while making toast and jelly for their breakfast. Got your attention anyway though, huh?

In fact, if it achieved its intended **"G SPOT,"** the above paragraph made you buy this pseudo-**PORNOGRAPHIC COMIC MAGAZINE** with the expectation that all of this smaller type below would contain more of the same drivel, building to some sort of **EROTIC, SQUIRTING CLIMAX.** Sorry to disappoint you, but it was just a cheap trick. We've got your money and you've got this comic to **MASTURBATE** over. All you can do now is hope that the cartoonists over there in the rest of the book have drawn enough **FILTHY PICTURES and DIRTY STORIES** to make up for this deceptive essay. It's the same routine you go through whenever you let simple **PRIMITIVE URGES** sway your decision-making process.

What can I say? **SEX** sells.

What else could you expect, now that the very Earth has been turned into one giant Free Enterprise Fire Zone by the **GONAD**-oriented Zombie Oligarchy? Senator Jesse Helms and his ilk aside, if you want prefab **INSTANT INTERCOURSE**, just turn on you TV and watch some **SCANTILY CLAD** game show hostess flip vowels with ping-pong balls stuffed into her halter top to simulate **TEASING, SWOLLEN NIPPLES**; open to the department store **LINGERIE** ads in you daily newspaper, where the slightest suggestion of the **HALF-NAKED MODEL'S PUBIC HAIR** has been carefully airbrushed into the photo; read any East Coast Literary Giant's *New York Times* **TURGID** bestseller with a two-paragraph description of **SWEATY COPULATION** every forty pages or so; go see some heavy metal band pose and strut in a hyperdome, waving their electric guitars in front of them like **MONSTROUS, ERECT PENISES**; view a televised football game and wait for the camera to give you loving closeups of the athletes' **TIGHT, MUSCULAR BUNS.**

What's wrong with that, you say? *You* don't see anything wrong with a dash of **SEX**ual objectification or a little **T&A** of either gender? You say *you* still know the difference between harmless **WET DREAM FUN** and the brutal social oppression of half the world's population (and now, even the *other* half) by a historically entrenched, testosterone toxed patriarchy hell-bent on total, short-term exploitation of positively everything right down to the bedrock no matter what cost?

All of that stuff above is to **REAL, OLD FASHIONED, HEALTHY SEX** what a Chicken McNugget ® is to a **YOUNG, VIRGIN**, range-fed, organic hen. You can gorge on as much as you desire of chemical-laden, deep-fried meat by-product and still die, overweight (and unloved) of terminal malnutrition. Now, with our whole population addicted to instant gratification, **IT GETS HARDER AND HARDER** to find true emotion, honest affection, genuine human contact in the shifting supermarketplace of meaningless, marked-down morality. Isn't it so much safer to take the easy way out, snuffing your neurons with an endless, thundering, **PULSATING** onanistic **FANTASY**, fixating on any old trash that has a photo of **GIGANTIC TITS** or a **CUTE ROUND ASS** in it and pretending that you're having a bona fide, **POUNDING ORGASM** off by yourself, as your feet slowly grow into the wire floor of your tiny rented cage, just like those factory fowl you scarf up by the carload every day at lunch. I mean, look at what I'm doing here, bold-facing and capitalizing every single word on this page that has anything at all to do with **SEX** in order to cheat you out of your hard earned pay.

Depressing? Alienating? You bet! That'll be $3.25, please.

There's a good reason why, in underground comix for example, **CHEEZY FLOP TART** [1], **TEATS AND CLEATS** or Rip Off's own **STRAPS** outsell socially responsible, politically correct, no-**SEX** titles like *Save the Snails Comics & Stories* ten to one. You must remember that since women only earn 63¢ for every dollar a man makes, they don't have the purchasing power of men, therefore most of the **SEXUAL TENSION** in advertising and product design is directed at men, by men, for men in order to get as much of the men's money as fast as possible. Look, men buy most of the comics produced. If they have **SEX** in them, men buy even more while women, the primary victims of all this **SEX**ist garbage, buy even less. Therefore, even more **SEX** comics are produced, crowding out any other type of product, causing less orders for comics without **SEX**. Catch 22.

I bet most of the readers of *this very comic* are men, or at least "male." Not that it matters. Perhaps you're a woman. You can be brainwashed into this little boys' club point of view just as easily as any guy. **WOMEN'S SEXUALITY** can be molded and poisoned by the same **SEX**ist tools and outlooks that alienate men from others so effectively. What do I know, anyway? Why listen to me? I'm a "man" and I still have to put up with my publisher getting on his knees and pleading with me to draw **NAKED WOMEN** with **BREASTS THE SIZE OF BOMBARDMENT DIRIGIBLES** for our comic covers so that we can sell more than a paltry two thousand copies to our oh-so sophisticated and discriminating, mostly hetero**SEX**ual, post-adolescent, male readership.

Well, why not? To Hell with it. I give up. I'm sick of knocking my brains out trying to produce witty, non-**SEX**ist stories with an atom or two of moral relevance to them that nobody will ever buy, much less read, while I starve to death beating my way upstream against the relentless torrent of human insensitivity like some out-of-date suicide salmon. I want a big, expensive house and a brand-new, gas-guzzling German luxury car and vacations in Europe and awards at all the big-time Comic Conventions and I want all that stuff NOW, before the world ends in ten years (didn't you know about that?). None of my stupid, ineffectual, goody-two-shoes, politically correct comics ever attracted a **SINGLE SEX PARTNER** to me anyway and, really, wasn't that the only reason why I was drawing them?

You caveboys win. From now on I'm just going to produce comics about my own juvenile **TWISTED FANTASIES**. I'll become a famous pornographer, er, "artist," and have **VOLUPTUOUS, LEATHER CLAD SEX OBJECTS** standing in line to **PLEASURE** me everywhere I go *and* get applauded by the very same fawning mass-**WAD** that I'm exploiting, to boot!

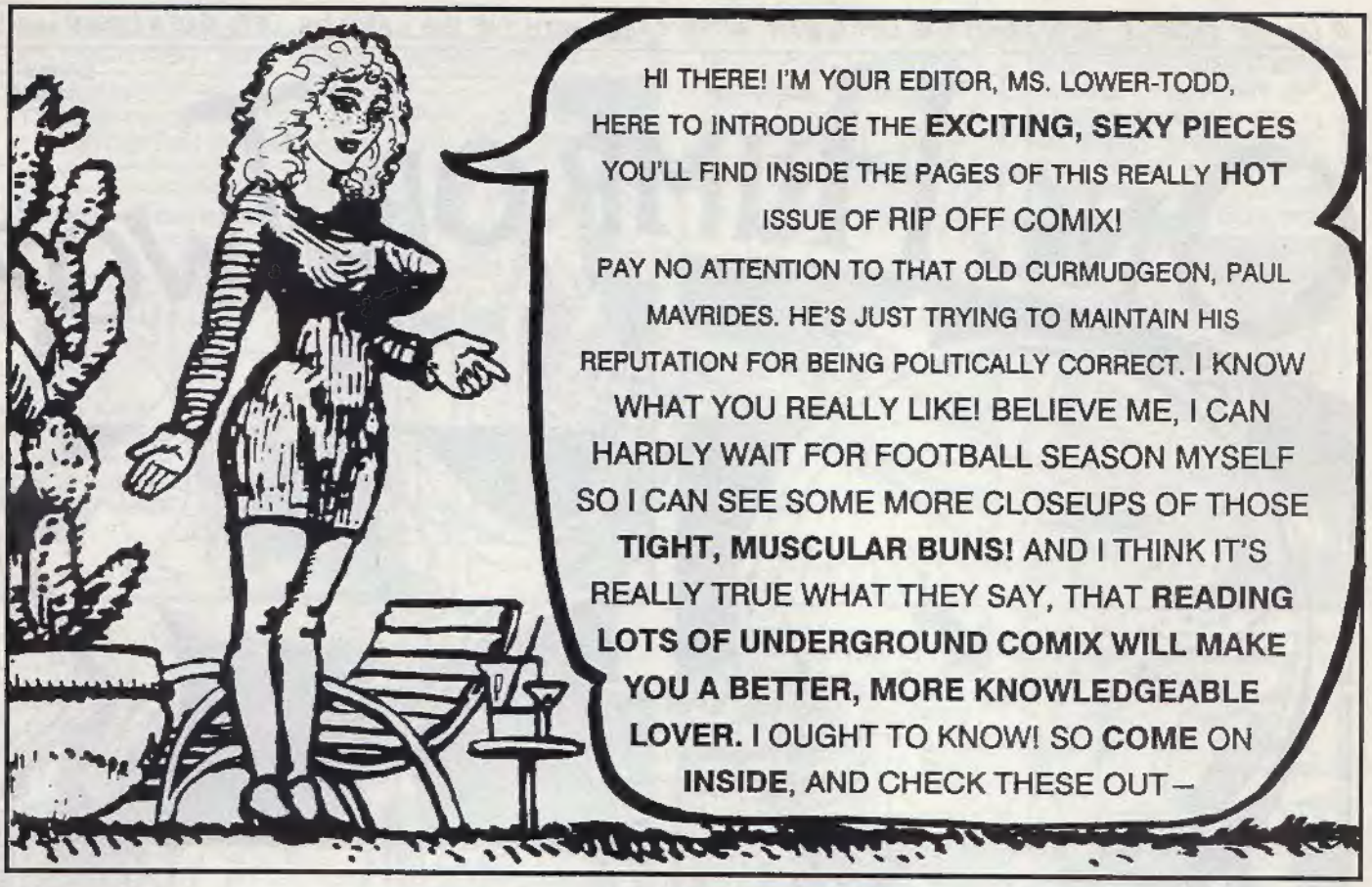
Watch for my new **TRIPLE-XXX FUCK COMICS!**[2] **on sale at comic stands everywhere.**

By the way, don't forget to put this magazine in a plastic bag before you turn the page—you don't know where our rapidographs have been.

—Paul Mavrides

1: Title shortened to "CHEEZY," Copyright 1987 by Harry Wells, in response to threat of lawsuit from the American General Cheeze Corporation, manufacturer of Cheezy Flop Tart Toastum Snacks ®

2: It'll be so outrageous, copies will have to be sold welded inside a box of quarter inch steel plating. Because of the commercial nature of the project, out of a 56- page design, I figure I'll only have to draw three pages an issue and can fill out the rest of the book with advertising and sell the thing for $25.95 a copy, just like the Mafia does with its porno. You'll still buy it just because it's about sex... or is it? With a title like FUCK COMICS!, I could do the book about how "fucked up" comics are and it would still sell. People would buy it merely for the suggestive title, thinking it was about SEX. Anyway, I probably won't do anything at all, just to spite the people that won't bother to read this miniature type at the bottom of the page. Ha ha.



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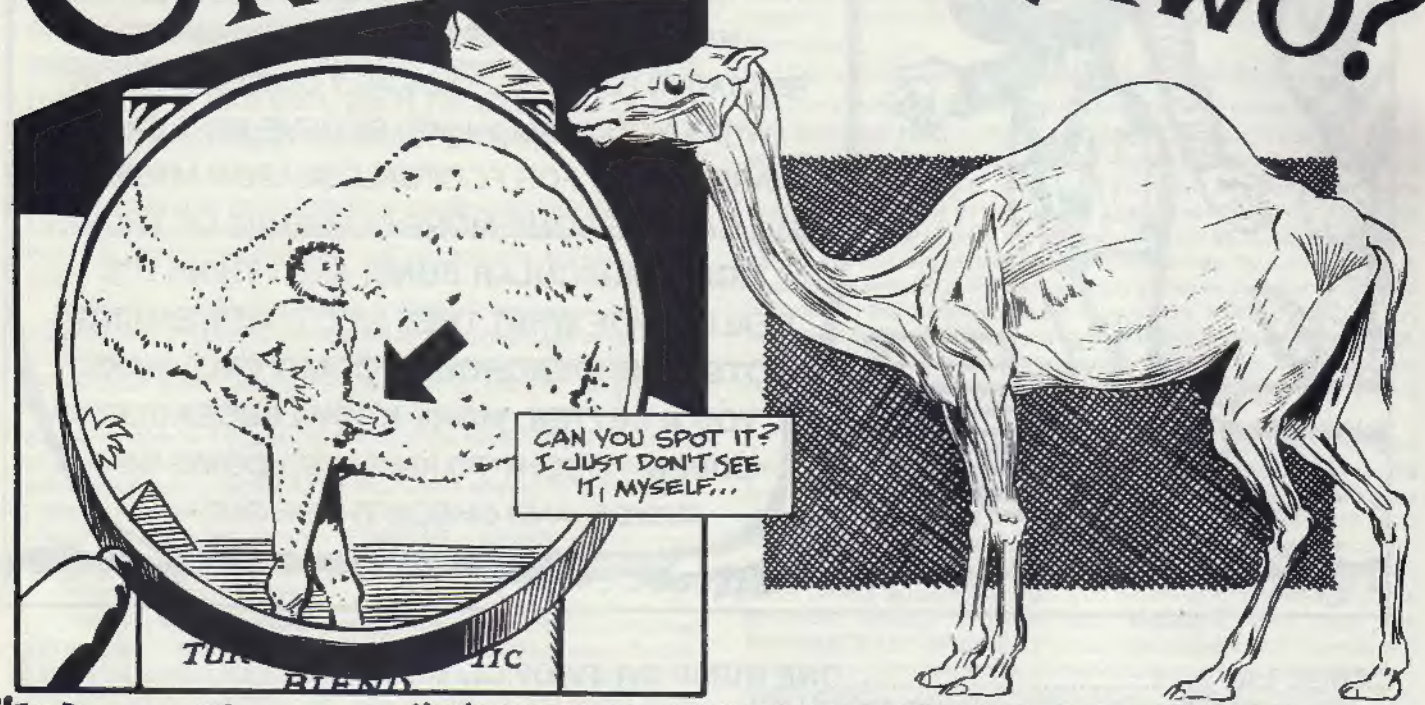
A LOT OF PEOPLE TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CAMEL WITH THE BIG HARD ON. LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

ONE HUMP OR TWO?

© 1990 CAROL LAY



"WHY A CAMEL?" WHAT DOES AN UNATTRACTIVE FOREIGN BEAST OF BURDEN HAVE TO DO WITH THE SELLING OF CIGARETTES?

OCTOBER, 1989: EAST VILLAGE, MANHATTAN...

ADAM SAYS IF YOU LOOK AT IT UPSIDE-DOWN IT'S A PENETRATION IMAGE.

Smooth Character

WOW! YEAH-- I ALWAYS KNEW THAT IMAGE WAS LOADED BUT I COULD NEVER PUT MY FINGER ON IT.

YEAH... THE CIGARETTE BETWEEN THOSE LIPS IS ANOTHER ONE.

THE CAMEL WAS EVERYWHERE -- IN FRONT OF EVERY KOREAN DELI, AT EVERY SUBWAY STOP, AND THERE WAS EVEN A HUGE NEON CAMEL IN TIMES SQUARE.

I LOATHE YOU.

WALKING WITH SOME FRIENDS ON HALLOWEEN, WE SPOTTED A STICKER ON A PHONE BOOTH.

SUCK ON THIS, JESSIE HELMS!

ADVERTISING STICKS ITS DICK IN YOUR FACE EVERY DAY

LATER, ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE, WE WERE DEFACING A CAMEL WITH GLEE WHEN...

HEH HEH... BOOGERS!

WE NEED BIGGER MARKERS.

HEY!

TAXI

HEY! THAT'S MY CAMEL YOU'RE DRAWING ON!!

OH YEAH?! WELL, IT'S UGLY!

A COLLEGE-EDUCATED RESPONSE

LATER, I WONDERED WHO THAT GUY WAS... THE CAMEL'S ART DIRECTOR? THE MARKETING EXEC.? THE AIR BRUSHER? THE CONCEPT ORIGINATOR? THE MODEL?

CAMEL LIGHTS

...OR JUST ANOTHER DICKHEAD?

HAIRYDICK'S WOMAN

A LOVE STORY

BY R. DIGGS COPYRIGHT ©1990

"THIS MESS" THIS STICKY SITUATION BEGAN WHEN HAIRYDICK WAS A LITTLE BOY— HE OFTEN NOTICED THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE (THERE WERE NO WOMEN) DRAGGING OLD COWS, STRAY DOGS AND CONDEMNED CRIMINALS TO A GREAT PIT IN THE FOREST — AND AT NIGHT HE COULD HEAR IT **CHEW** — BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT **IT** WAS...

BUT, THERE CAME A TIME WHEN HE DISCOVERED WHO **SHE** WAS.

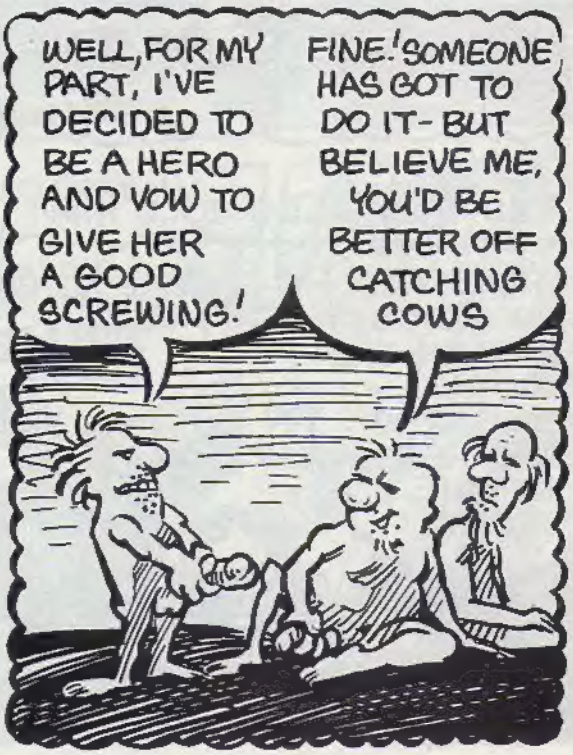
AND THEY ALSO TOLD HIM:

THEY ALSO TOLD HIM WHAT HIS DICK WAS FOR

THIS WAS A GREAT REVELATION! HE ALWAYS FELT IT MUST FIT SOMEWHERE BUT EVERYTHING HE TRIED EITHER HURT OR WOULDN'T STAND STILL.

...SO YOU SEE, **HEROS** ARE THE ONES WHO MATE WITH THE GREAT WOMAN OF THE PIT (WHICH, HOLY OF HOLIES, CAUSES THE WORLD TO CONTINUE)
...AND **COWARDS** BRING HER FOOD SO SHE WON'T COME LOOKING FOR **US**!

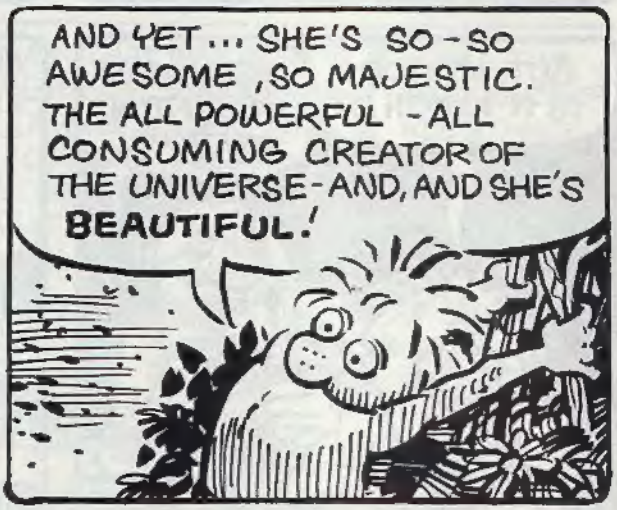
'CUS SHE'S ALWAYS HUNGRY - AND WILL CHOMP DOWN ANYTHING THAT FALLS INTO HER GRASP!
BUT... HAIRYDICK HARDLY HEARS THE WARNING.
SO **THAT** IS WHAT MY DICK IS FOR! *SIGH*-WHAT INSIGHT-WHAT TRUTH-IT-IT MAKES LIFE **MEANINGFUL**!


...AND SO HAIRYDICK FORMALLY ANNOUNCED:
WELL, FOR MY PART, I'VE DECIDED TO BE A HERO AND VOW TO GIVE HER A GOOD SCREWING!
FINE! SOMEONE HAS GOT TO DO IT - BUT BELIEVE ME, YOU'D BE BETTER OFF CATCHING COWS

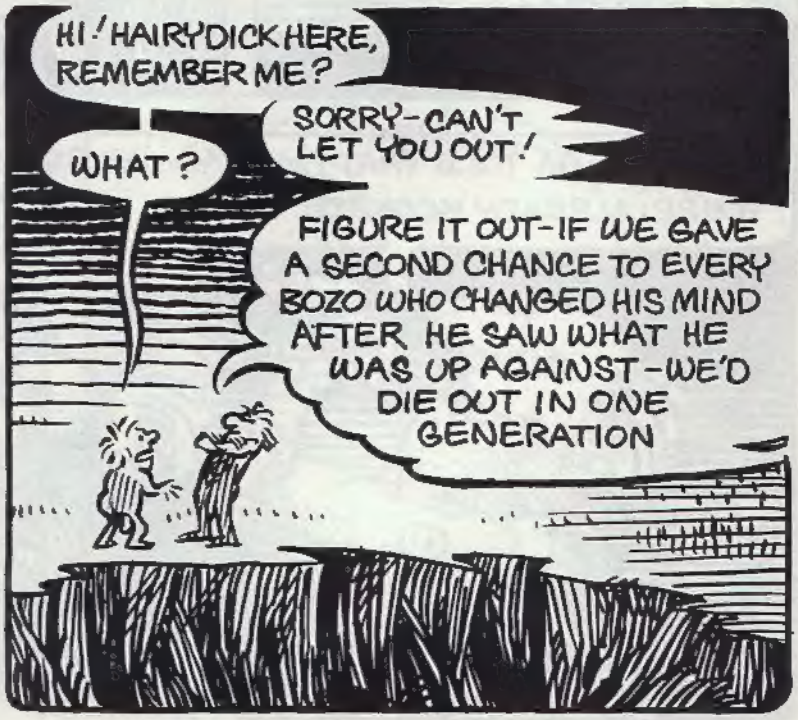
WHICH IS HOW I GOT INTO THIS MESS-- NOW HOW DO I GET **OUT** OF IT?

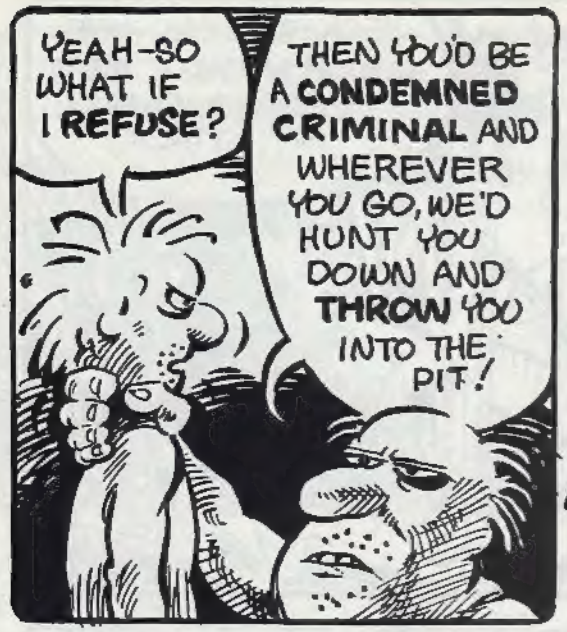
CHOMP CHEW
HECK, SHE CAN HAVE LUNCH WITHOUT ME- I'VE GOT TO PLAN MY ATTACK!

OR ESCAPE... GOD! SHE'S AS BIG AS A HOUSE WITH THE HUNGER OF A HURRICANE!
GROWL
SNAP
CRUNCH


AND YET... SHE'S SO-SO AWESOME, SO MAJESTIC. THE ALL POWERFUL -ALL CONSUMING CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE-AND, AND SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL!**

WHICH IS WHY I'LL ALWAYS FEEL PRIVILEGED TO HAVE EVEN **SEEN** HER
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?


HI! HAIRYDICK HERE, REMEMBER ME?
SORRY-CAN'T LET YOU OUT!
WHAT?
FIGURE IT OUT-IF WE GAVE A SECOND CHANCE TO EVERY BOZO WHO CHANGED HIS MIND AFTER HE SAW WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST-WE'D DIE OUT IN ONE GENERATION

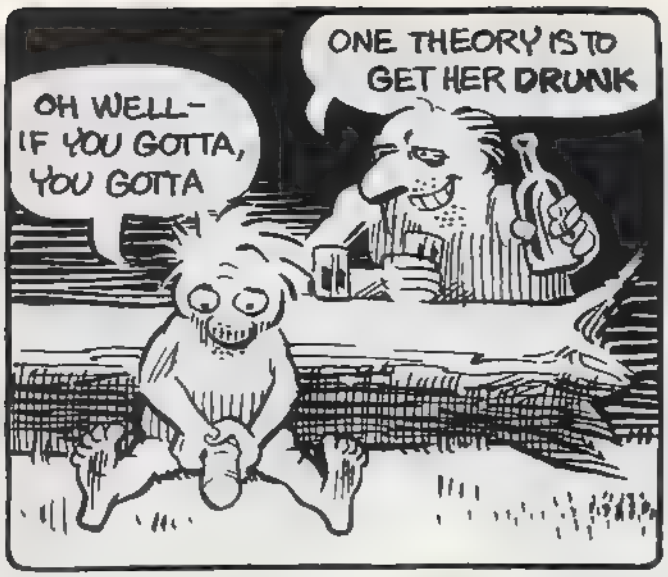

YEAH-SO WHAT IF I REFUSE?
THEN YOU'D BE A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL AND WHEREVER YOU GO, WE'D HUNT YOU DOWN AND THROW YOU INTO THE PIT!

I NEED A DRINK
SURE THING LADDY! HERE-THIS WILL PERK YOU UP
A LOT OF THE BOYS NEED A SHOT THEIR FIRST TIME
MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

BUT-MY GOD IS IT WORTH IT?
ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL MY BOY...

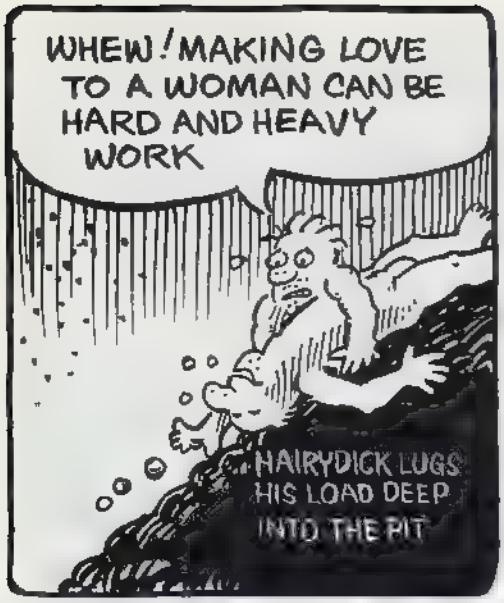
AFTER YOU MATE WITH HER, SHE WILL HAVE A SLEW OF TINY KIDS -AND WE WE COULD USE THE NEW BLOOD -NO ONE HAS DONE IT FOR A LONG TIME
HERE, HAVE ANOTHER DRINK

BESIDES, I'M TOLD THAT ONCE YOU'VE SEEN HER, IT'S TOO LATE! YOU'RE ALREADY HOOKED! YOU HAVE TO DO IT, BECAUSE YOU LOVE HER!
IT'S TRUE

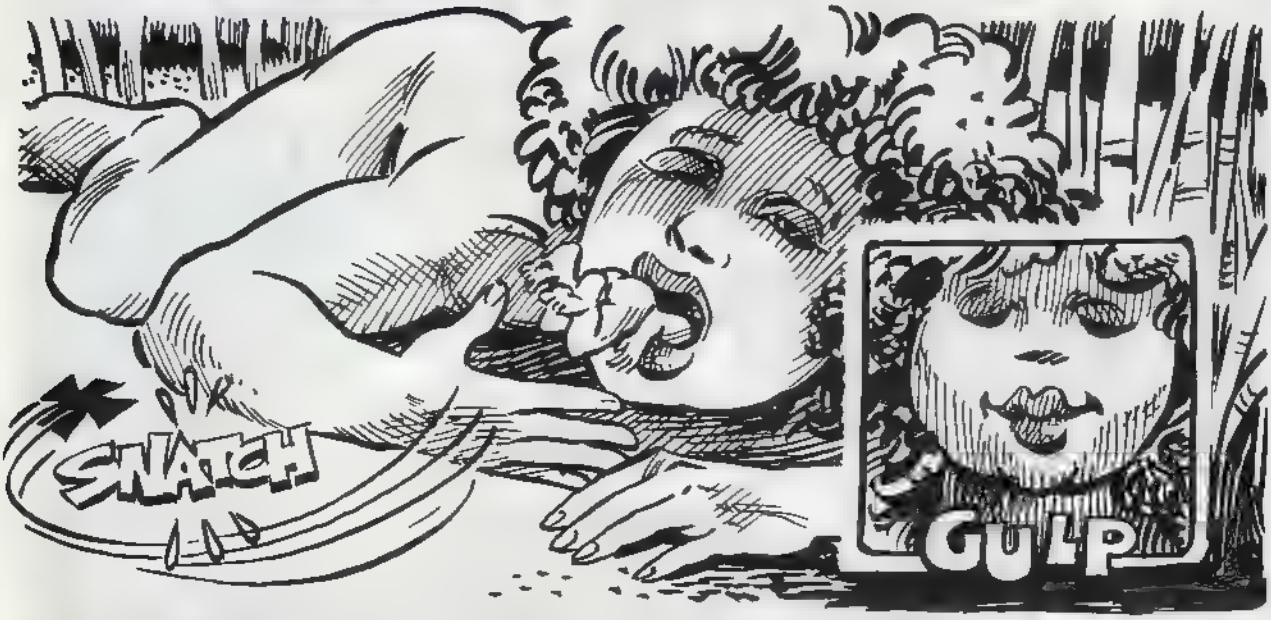


AND AS THE BOTTLE PASSES THROUGH THE NIGHT:

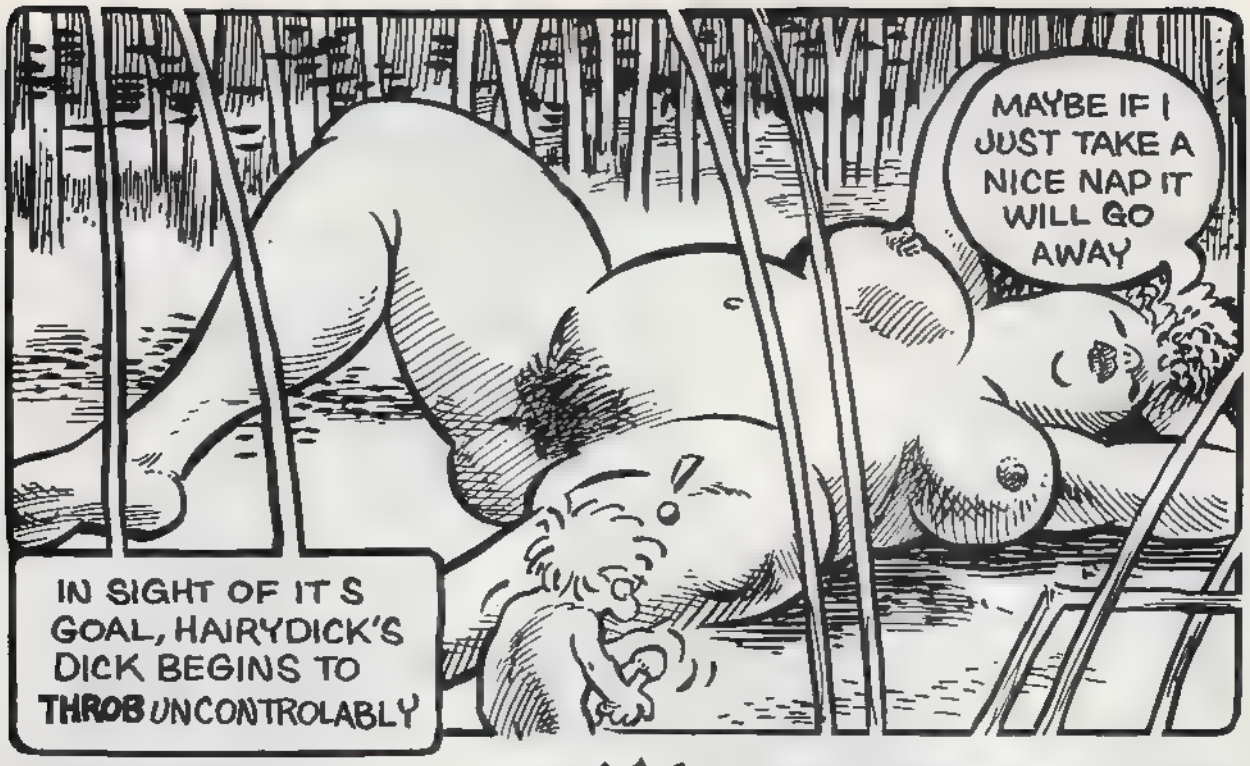
UNTIL BY MORNING ...



FINALLY, IN THE VAST CRAVASS- DEEP IN THE HEART OF HER THICKET...



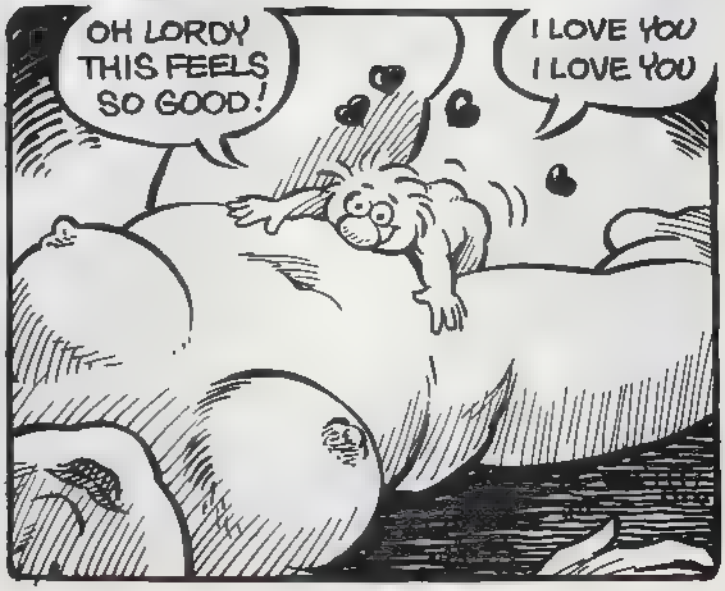
THE TWICE CONSUMED ALCOHOL ACTS QUICKLY ON THE VIRGIN BLOODSTREAM-AND THE TOWERING TEMPTRESS IS SOON SMASHED


MAYBE IF I JUST TAKE A NICE NAP IT WILL GO AWAY
IN SIGHT OF IT S GOAL, HAIRYDICK'S DICK BEGINS TO THROB UNCONTROLABLY

O.K, BUT I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE TROUBLE YOU'RE GETTING US INTO!

'CUS IT'S NOW OR NEVER- IT'S SCREW OR DIE

AHHHH!


OH LORDY THIS FEELS SO GOOD!
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU

OH! UH! I'M COMING - I'M COMING -
LET THE GENERATIONS ROLL!

WHAZZAT?

WHY - IT MUST BE...
SWAT

!? NOW, WHERE DID THAT LITTLE FUCKER GO?
IT'S DONE!
HE'S COME!
A HERO OF THE AGES!
...AND SO THE WORLD CONTINUES

"PERFORMANCE"

C. 1990 JUDY BECKER

MY BOYFRIEND AND I WERE IN LONDON. IT WAS AFTER 11, THE BARS WERE CLOSED, AND WE WERE BORED.

PUB LOCAL
PICCADILLY BEER
CLOSED
QUEENS BEER
ALE
CLOSED
HOME NEAR PUB
LAGER
CLOSED
IRISH HARP
SALOON BITTER
LIQUEDEN BEER
(SUFFERING FROM BEER WITHDRAWAL)
BILL PUB ALE HOUSE
ALE
CLOSED

WHERE DID EVERYONE GO?

IT'S ONLY ELEVEN!

I SUGGESTED WE GO TO A "LIVE SEX" SHOW. IT ONLY COST 2 LBS, AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A COOL THING TO DO.

LIVE SEX ACT ON BED

YANK SUCKERS

TWO PLEASE

VERY GOOD MATE

CUPID CLUB →

ONLY £2.00 TO ENTER

WE WENT DOWN TO A CHEESY BASEMENT ROOM. WE HAD TO PAY ANOTHER 5 LBS (ABOUT $15) THERE. THE ONLY OTHER CUSTOMERS WERE A GROUP OF ARABS AND A SCARED LOOKING TEENAGED BOY.

THIS BETTER BE GOOD JUDY

UH OH

5 POUNDS APIECE TO ENTER THE CUPID CLUB

THE BED

WE WAITED FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN. THERE WAS A 2 DRINK MINIMUM, WITH THE CHEAPEST BEER COSTING $10, PLUS TAX + TIP.

I HOPE BRADS NOT TOO MAD AT ME

30 POUNDS PLEASE

(MEN OGLE EVEN WHEN THEY'RE PISSED OFF)

ANOTHER ONE OF JUDY'S FUCKING GREAT IDEAS

WE DIDN'T NOTICE THE FINE PRINT ON THE MENU UNTIL LATER.

BEERS AND WINES

Warlack lager	pint	£3.00
	half	£5.00
Jungs Rattlack	per glass	£8.00
Jungs Weisbeck	per bottle	£30.00
Schloss Boosemberg	per glass	£10.00
	per bottle	£50.00

HOSTESS COCKTAILS

Devils Dance	£10.00
Cobras Kiss	£20.00
Cupids Special	£30.00
Hostess Fee	£25.00

All drinks purchased for the hostess, warrants an additional hostess fee charge of £25.00
25% service charge on all bills - £2.00 service charge on bill under £10.00

Girls are for company only - dating and dancing not allowed
All drinks de-alcoholised

* The hostess fee remains the same no matter how long it spent on the lady's company

ACTUAL MENU I STOLE AS PROOF

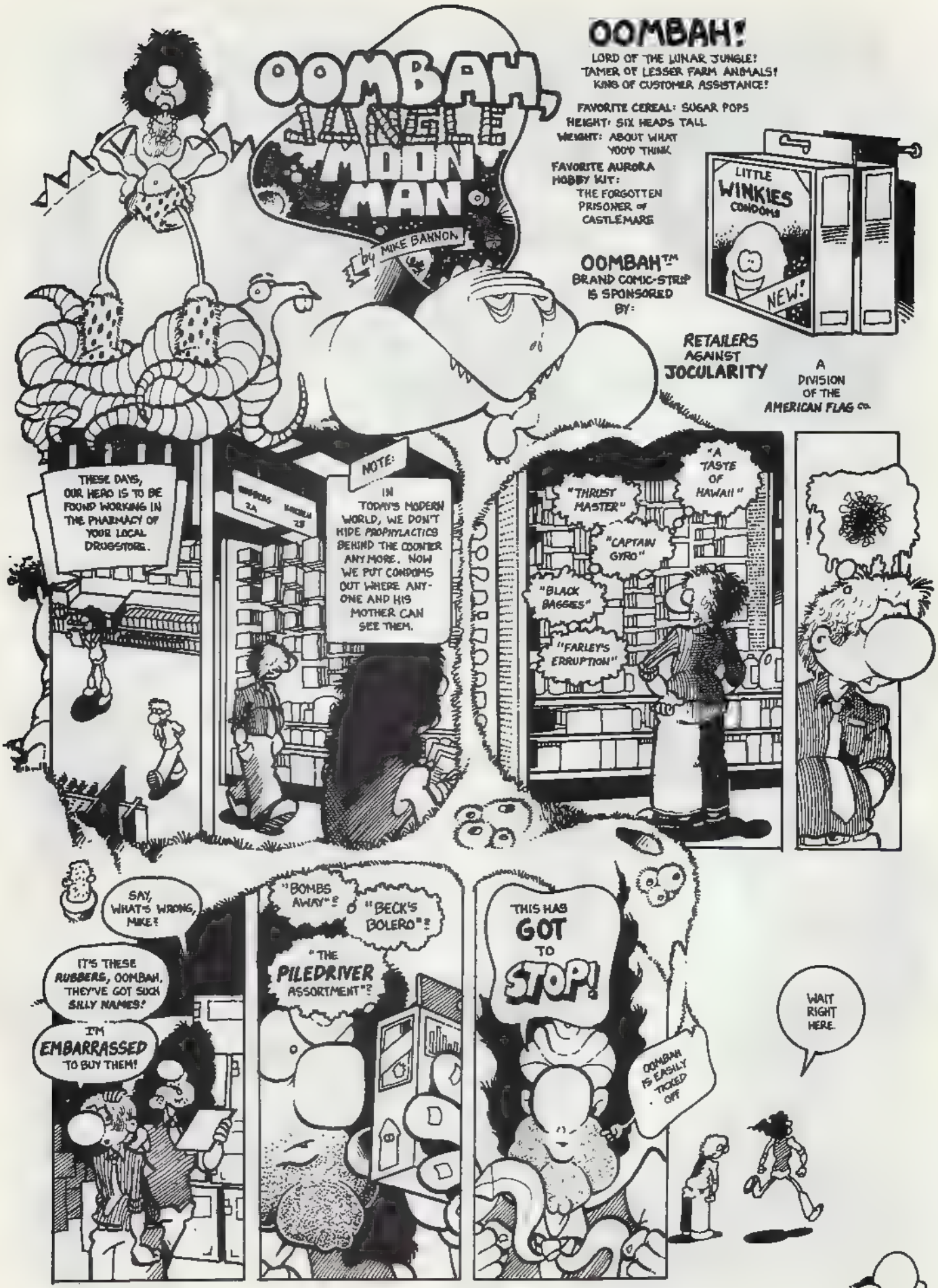
THE GROUP OF ARABS REFUSED TO PAY THEIR EXORBITANT BILL, AND LEFT. MEANWHILE, THE HOSTESS WAS HUSTLING THE TOTALLY CONFUSED KID.

FINALLY, THE SHOW BEGAN. THE HOSTESS AND THE BOUNCER CLIMBED FULLY CLOTHED ON TO THE BED, DRY HUMPED, FEIGNED ORGASM, AND WENT BACK TO THEIR JOBS.

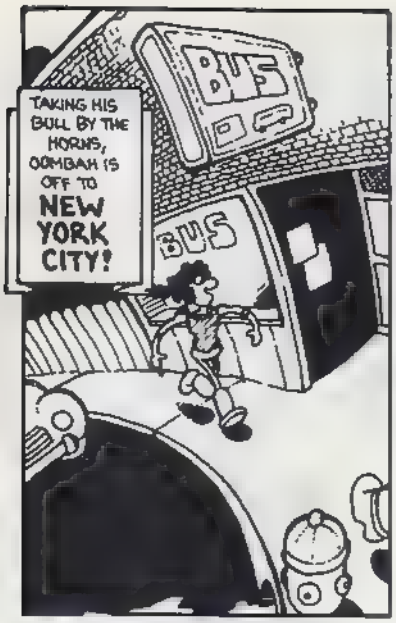
WE SAT THERE IN DISBELIEF.

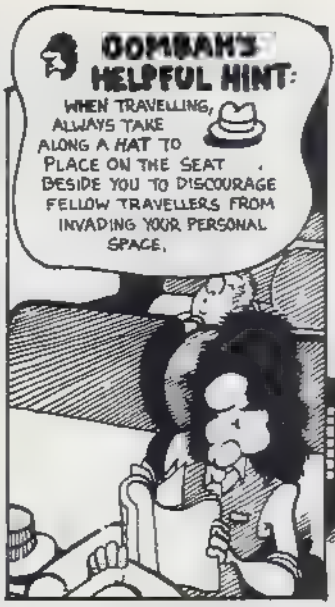
HE'S NOW A DOWNTOWN "PERFORMANCE" ARTIST.

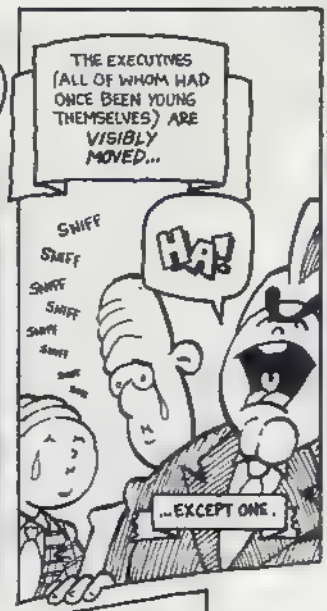
THE EVENING WAS SUCH A FIASCO WE WERE LAUGHING AND JOKING WITH THE BOUNCER ON OUR WAY OUT. HE SEEMED GENUINELY APOLOGETIC, AND TOLD US HE WAS MOVING TO THE STATES IN A FEW DAYS.

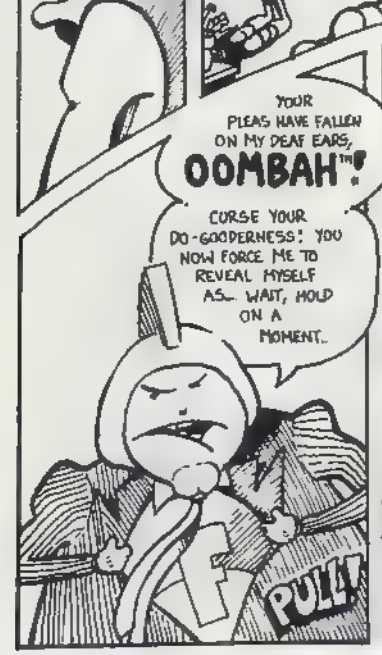


©1990 by MIKE BANNON









COMMANDO FRICTION HAS A REALLY BAD COSTUME. SORRY.

SO YOU'VE STUMBLED (YOU CLUMSY OAF) ONTO MY LITTLE PLAN!
INSERT PLAN HERE
NOW! GUARD YOUR FAMILY JEWELS AND PREPARE TO BE SCORCHED!
TIME TO SWITCH TO MY BATTLE DUDS!
JUMP!
LAND!
OOMBAH TOOK ACCORDIAN LESSONS AS A BOY
POP!
GRAB!
PRETZEL!
IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE SECRET WEAPON COMPARTMENT IN MY LOINCLOTH--OTHERWISE TH' COMMANDER WILL BE HAVING FRIED ON BALLS DINNER!
GROAN! STRAIN!
I'VE GOT IT!
SPLINGE!
HEY!
WATCH IT!
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.
THANKS TO YOU, OOMBAH, FROM NOW ON (AND IN THE FUTURE) CONDOMS WILL HAVE GRIM, SENSIBLE NAMES.
YES.

TO AVOID SLIDING INTO A RUT, OOMBAH TAKES A NICE LEISURELY TRAIN HOME.

OUR HERO HAS A COMPARTMENT ALL TO HIMSELF.

LUCKY I BROUGHT EXTRA HATS.

IN OHIO, OOMBAH STOPS FOR A QUICK BITE AT THE CLEVELAND *HOUSE OF WIENERS.**

* THIS IS SPECULATION ON MY PART.

...BUT LIFE IS NOT ALL *LIVERWURST* AND *SAUERKRAUT*...

...AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT (AND I'M GIVING YOU THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT) HE'S BACK HOME, PROUDLY CLUTCHING A BAGFUL OF SWELL NEW *SEXUAL* AIDS...

THANKS FOR WAITING, MIKE.

NO PROBLEM.

HERE.

MR. S

THE MUMMY'S CURSE

WOW! "MR. SHROUD"! "THE MUMMY'S CURSE"!

I'D BE *PROUD* TO WRAP THESE AROUND MY PENIS! HOW CAN I *THANK* YOU?

THERE, THERE, LAD

JUST THE SIGHT OF YOUR DINKIE *SECURELY SHEATHED* IS REWARD ENOUGH.

RING!

I CAN'T **WAIT** TO TRY THEM OUT!

IS THE FLAG OKAY HERE?

WATSON HUMID

♪ (THEME MUSIC) ♪ WHERE EVER PEOPLE ARE COWERING IN ♪ IGNORANCE... ♪

...WHERE EVER ♪ THERE IS ♪ *SEXUAL* ♪ *INJUSTICE*...

OOMBAH WILL BE THERE!

HUFF!

PUFF!

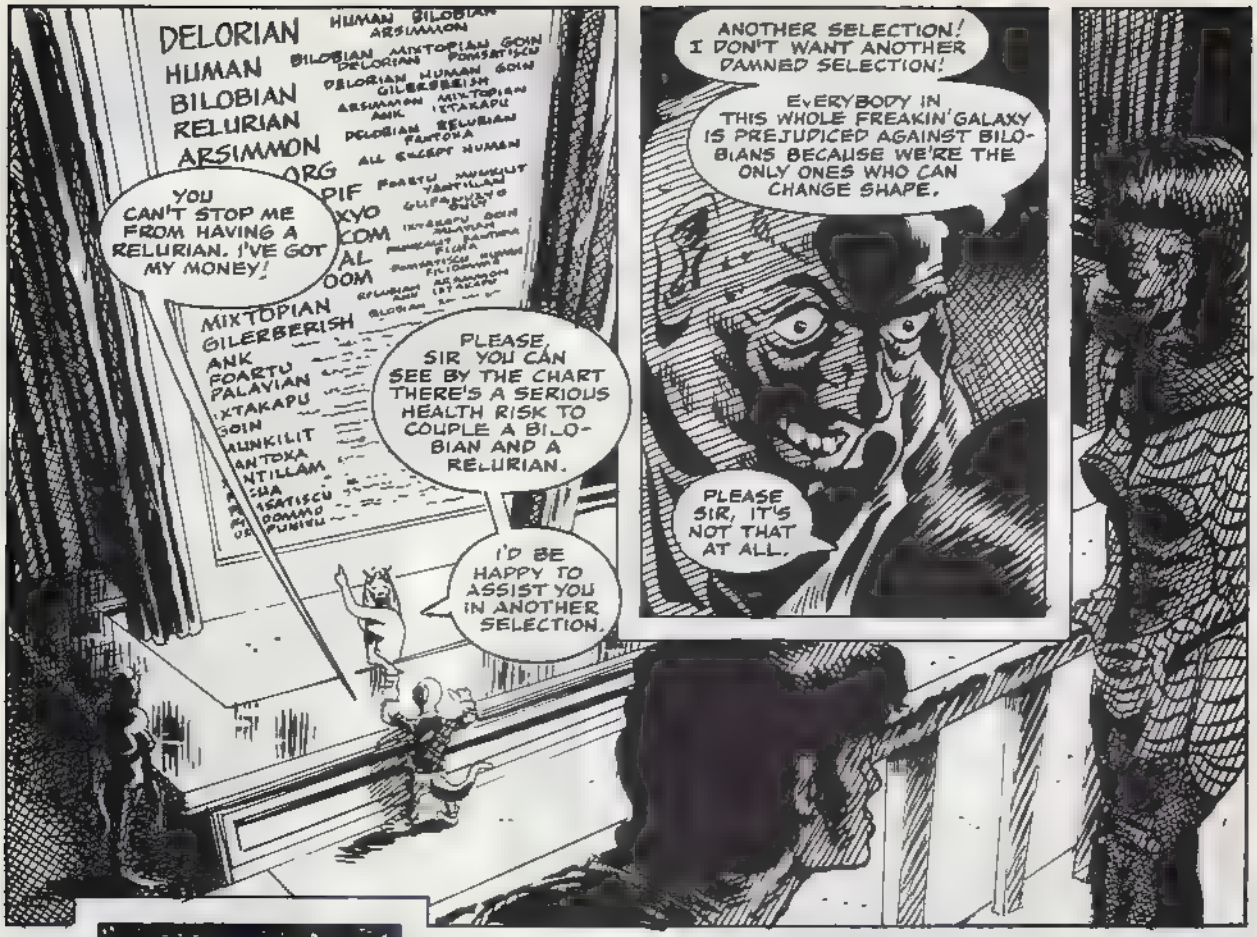
NEXT: SHOULD MEN SELL NIPPLE SHIELDS?

THE END

TEXXASTRO RANGER LEX SEXX'S MISSION: TO RESCUE KING KATTILA THE HUNG'S DAUGHTER, CATHY SEXKITTEN, FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE EVIL BARON BLACKEN BLU, WHO HAS CATHY STRAPPED TO HIS FAVORITE TORTURE TOY, "THE SHOCKEROCKER 500." BLACKEN SLOWLY PULLS OUT HIS HUGE ...
I'LL NEVER TALK, YA BIG NO COCK-ROACH!
WATER PISTOL!
YOU WON'T TALK? MAYBE. BUT YOU WILL SCREAM! RIGHT, EYEDOLPH? HA HA POOR, POOR CATHY. JUST THINKING OF THE PAIN YOU'LL ENDURE IS ENOUGH TO BLOW MY MIND.
BLACKEN... BLASTED! BUT, BY WHO?
KRASH!
BEND OVER, BOYS! I'M HERE TO KICK ASS!
GO, MASTRO, GO!
MASTRO, YOU HEAD GO POP!
LEX SEXX!

LEX MAKES SHORT WORK OF BLACKEN'S BULLYBOYZ.
BANG
I GUESS BLACKEN'S CATNAPPING JUST HAD A RUDE AWAKENING. YOU OK, SEXY?
WHAT A MAN! HE'S SO POWERFUL. SO BEAUTIFUL. SO, SO... BIG!
LEX...
"LETS MAKE LOVE LIKE LUNATICS!"
BANG
LEX, YOU'RE THE BEST.
BACK ON PLANET TEXX, LEX TAKES A SHOWER.
WHAT THE HELL? THAT'S A RIGHT NASTY RASH! I BETTER GO SEE...
..."DR. TOR".
I IZ MUCH SORROW TO TELLING YOU ZIS, MEIN BOY, BUT YOU HAVING 3.V.
WHAT'S THAT?
YA, 3.V. DA VENUSIAN VENEREAL VIRUS. IZ LETHAL BIG MUCH.
I'VE..
BEEN...
SEXTRO-CUTED!
SEXX R.I.P.
GET THE PICTURE?
PROTECT YOURSELF.
©1990, LYNDAL FERGUSON

ACTUALLY, MR. FLINTELLI, I'VE LOST COUNT HOW MANY TIMES THE UNION HAS TRIED TO CLOSE US DOWN. NOT ONLY DO I OWN THE MANSION, BUT THE ASTEROID ON WHICH IT'S RESTING. JUST ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO, WE DECLARED OURSELVES A FREE PLANET...
A WORLD WITH NO EXPORTS OR IMPORTS HAS GOT TO MAKE ITS MONEY SOMEHOW.
THEREBY ENTITLING YOU TO THE RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT AND, IN DUE COURSE, THE LEGALIZATION OF PROSTITUTION.
SO THEN IT WOULD BE SAFE TO TELL MY READERS THAT YOU THINK PROSTITUTION IS IN NO WAY MORALLY WRONG.
CHIFFON MANOR
Tausha's Story
LETTERING BY.....BILL PEARSON
ALL I KNOW FOR A FACT IS THAT HERE ON OUR LITTLE PLANET, IT'S LEGAL.
MR. FLINTELLI, THERE ARE AS MANY MORAL VIEWPOINTS AS THERE ARE INDIVIDUALS.
STORY BY.... ADAM BURCHESS
WHICH IS ALL JUST ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING YOU CONDONE IT!
LET'S JUST SAY I HAVEN'T SEEN ENOUGH WRONG TO CONDEMN IT!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANY RULES!
ART BY..... NICOLA CUTI


DELORIAN
HUMAN
BILOBIAN
RELURIAN
ARSIMMON
MIXTOPIAN
GILERBERISH
YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM HAVING A RELURIAN. I'VE GOT MY MONEY!
PLEASE, SIR YOU CAN SEE BY THE CHART THERE'S A SERIOUS HEALTH RISK TO COUPLE A BILOBIAN AND A RELURIAN.
I'D BE HAPPY TO ASSIST YOU IN ANOTHER SELECTION.
ANOTHER SELECTION! I DON'T WANT ANOTHER DAMNED SELECTION!
EVERYBODY IN THIS WHOLE FREAKIN' GALAXY IS PREJUDICED AGAINST BILOBIANS BECAUSE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN CHANGE SHAPE.
PLEASE SIR, IT'S NOT THAT AT ALL.

MY MONEY'S GOOD! YOU'RE JUST PREJUDICED!
YES, EACH GIRL IS HERE OF HER OWN FREE WILL... ER...
MR. FLINTELLI, WOULD YOU MIND WAITING HERE A MOMENT.
PERHAPS I SHOULD BE ASKING ABOUT YOUR CLIENTELE.

DYWANDA, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
I BELIEVE THIS GENTLEMAN MAY BE DRUNK.

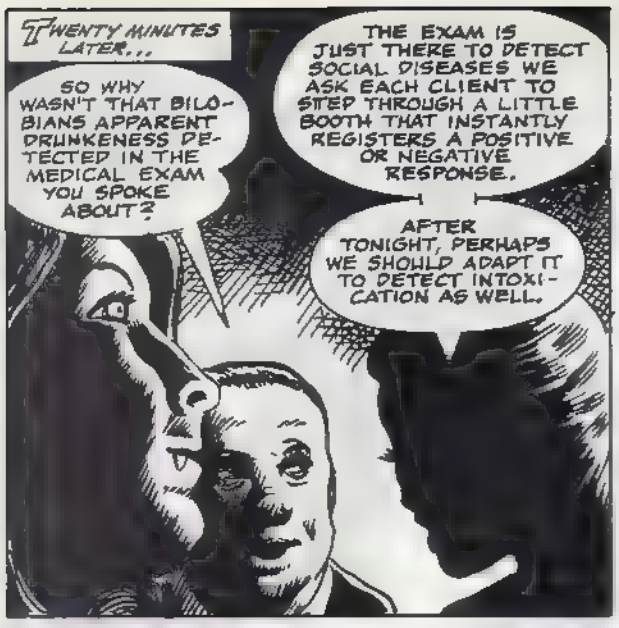
I DIDN'T THINK LIQUOR WAS ALLOWED ON THE PREMISES.
OH NO! WHY COULDN'T HE SIT TIGHT?
DYWANDA, WOULD YOU GET JAKE, PLEASE?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. FLINTELLI, WE DON'T ALLOW INTOXICANTS OF ANY KIND IN THE MANSION, BUT WE CAN'T STOP THEM FROM TOSSING BACK A FEW ON THE WAY HERE.
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS HOW THIS ONE GOT PAST OUR DOORMAN.
I'M HERE, MISS CHIFFON.

ANOTHER CANDY BRIBE, JAKE? WE'LL TALK LATER, BUT FOR NOW, PLEASE ESCORT THIS GENTLEMAN OUTSIDE RETURN EVERY PIECE HE GAVE YOU.
YES, MA'AM, BUT CAN I KEEP THIS ONE? IT'S ALREADY STICKY.

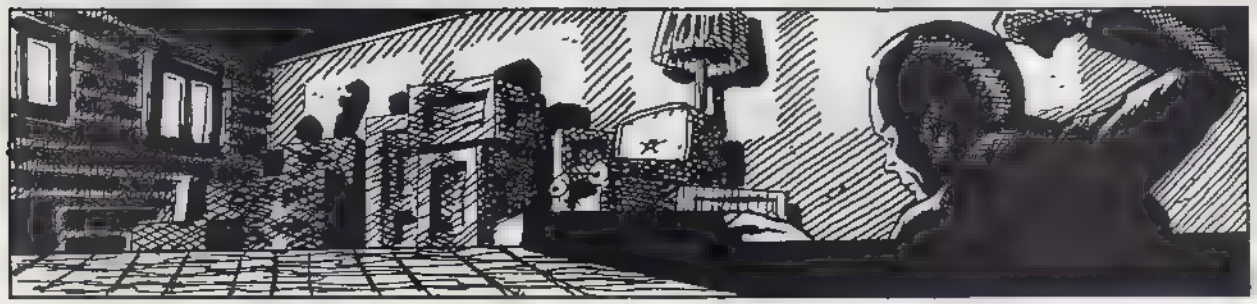
Y-E-E-S-S, JAKE, NOW, MOVE ALONG AND PLEASE DO BETTER.
MADAM, IS YOUR BOUNCER ALL THERE?
MR. FLINTELLI, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT TOO LOUDLY.

OH, THERE YOU ARE, MR. FLINTELLI.
I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE AND LEFT YOUR BRIEF...
GIVE ME THAT, YOU WHOR...
MR. FLINTELLI!
OH MY GOODNESS, MADAM, I DO APOLOGIZE... IT'S JUST, UH... ALL MY PAPERS AND THINGS...
ALL RIGHT, MR. FLINTELLI, WE'RE ALL A BIT ON EDGE. LET'S JUST GO BACK INTO THE PARLOR AND FINISH THE INTERVIEW.


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
SO WHY WASN'T THAT BILOBIANS APPARENT DRUNKENESS DETECTED IN THE MEDICAL EXAM YOU SPOKE ABOUT?
THE EXAM IS JUST THERE TO DETECT SOCIAL DISEASES WE ASK EACH CLIENT TO STEP THROUGH A LITTLE BOOTH THAT INSTANTLY REGISTERS A POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE RESPONSE.
AFTER TONIGHT, PERHAPS WE SHOULD ADAPT IT TO DETECT INTOXICATION AS WELL.

PERHAPS SO. NOW, WHAT ABOUT THE RUMORS YOU HAVE BEEN DEALING WITH SPACE PIRATES?
WE'RE FORCED TO DEAL WITH SPACE PIRATES FOR MOST OF OUR FOOD AND SUPPLIES. IT SEEMS THE LEAGUE OF DECENCY IS BOYCOTTING THE LEGITIMATE RETAILERS WHO TO SELL TO US.
I THINK SOME "DECENT" FOLKS ARE TRYING TO STARVE US OUT.
YEAAARRGH!

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE WEST WING.
MR. FLINTELLI, STAY PUT THIS TIME.

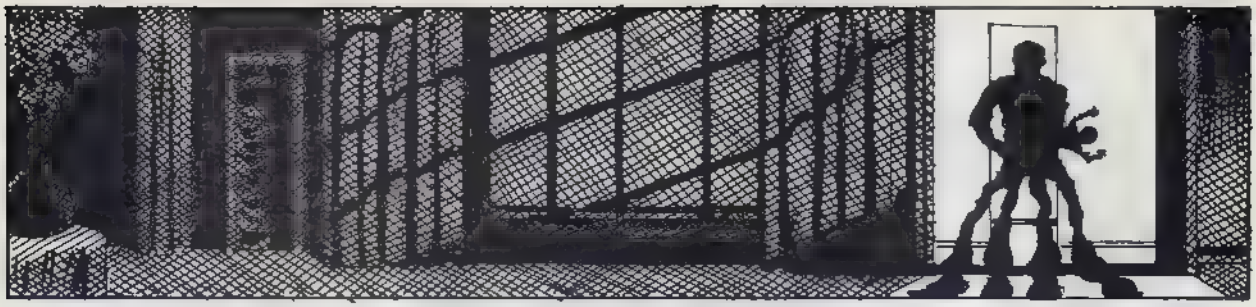


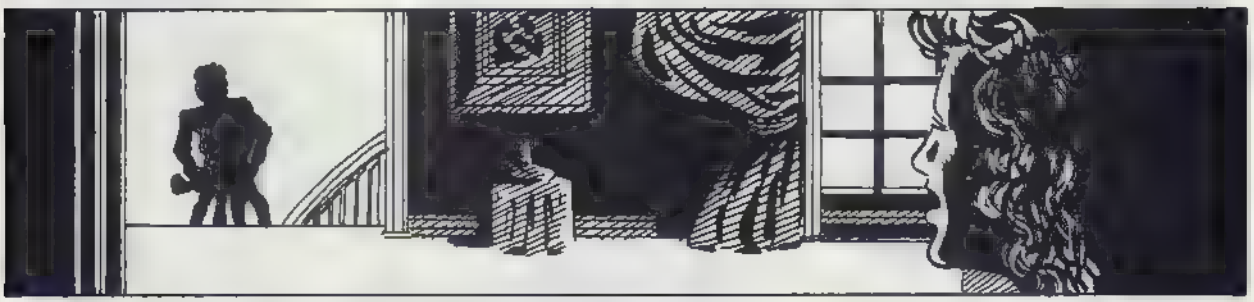
I DIDN'T KNOW... I DIDN'T KNOW...
TAUSHA, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
I DIDN'T KNOW... HE WAS A BILOBIAN... NOW HE'S MAD!
IT'S THAT SAME DRUNKEN FOOL. EVERYONE KNOWS COUPLING A RELURIAN AND A BILOBIAN WILL DRIVE THE BILOBIAN MAD. WHY WOULDN'T HE LISTEN?

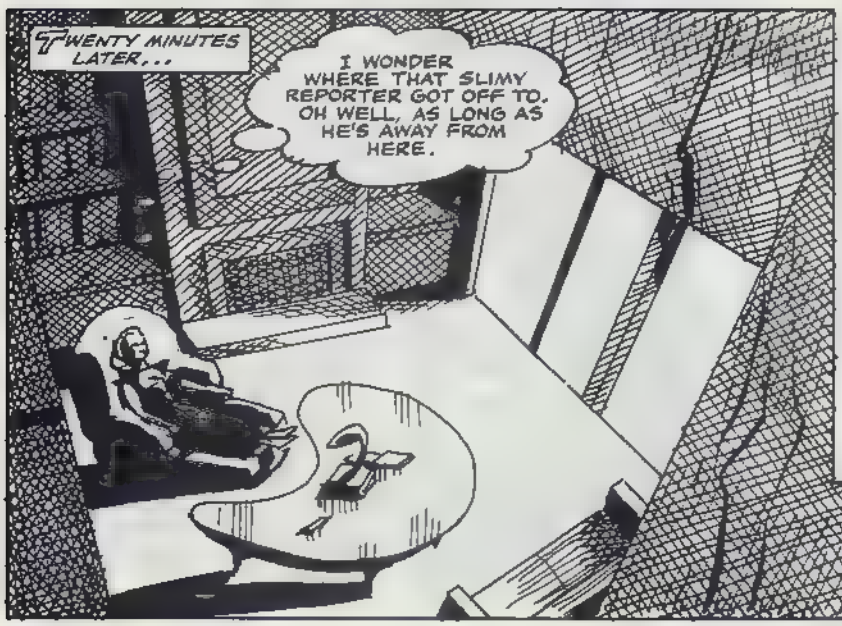
I ASSUME HE DISGUISED HIMSELF AS SOMETHING ELSE.
YES, MA'AM... A CULLIAN.

ALRIGHT, JAKE, TAKE THE POOR THING DOWN TO SEE DOC, THOUGH IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD. TAUSHA, I WANT YOU TO LIE DOWN AND REST FOR A GOOD LONG WHILE. NO MORE CLIENTS TONIGHT. DO YOU UNDER-STAND?
YES, MA'AM.

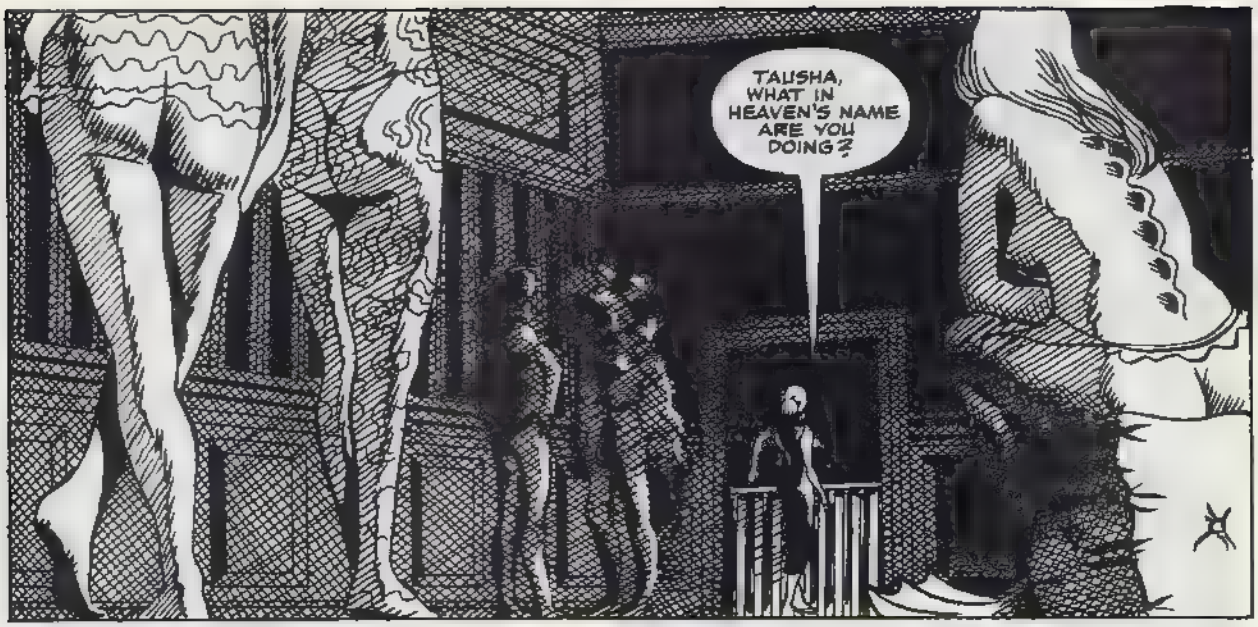
TAUSHA, AS SOON AS I GET RID OF THAT DIPPY REPORTER, I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE IF YOU WANT TO TALK.
LET'S GO, JAKE, MOVE HIM OUT.





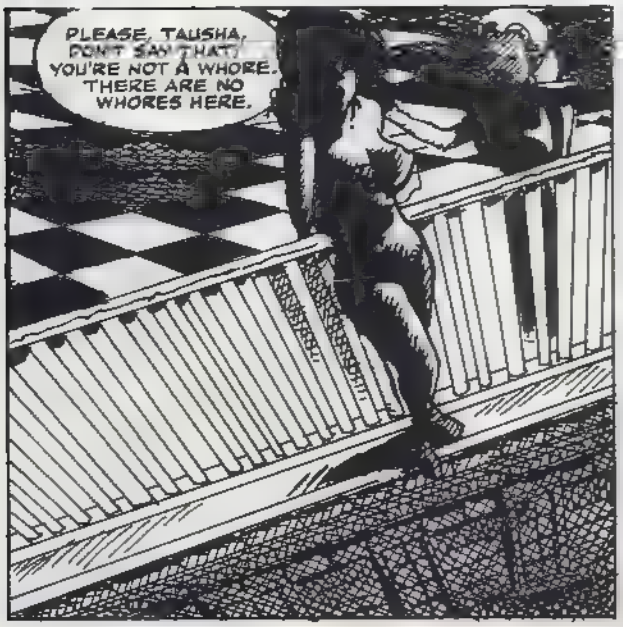

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
I WONDER WHERE THAT SLIMY REPORTER GOT OFF TO. OH WELL, AS LONG AS HE'S AWAY FROM HERE.

CHIFFON, COME QUICK! TAUSHA'S UP ON THE WIDOW'S WALK! I THINK SHE'S GOING TO JUMP!


TAUSHA, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING?

GET BACK, CHIFFON... I WANT TO DIE...

PLEASE, TAUSHA, WHAT HAPPENED WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
NO! IT IS MY FAULT. IT HAPPENED BECAUSE I'M A WHORE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I'M A WHORE!


PLEASE, TAUSHA, DON'T SAY THAT! YOU'RE NOT A WHORE. THERE ARE NO WHORES HERE.

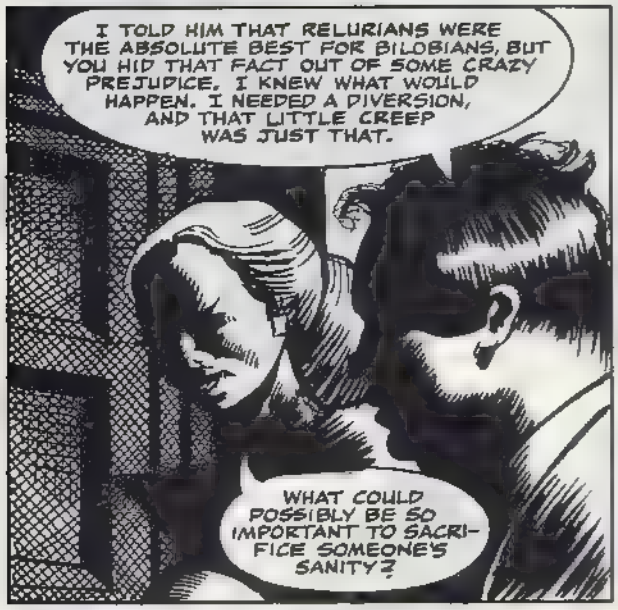
TAUSHA, I'VE LIVED A LONG TIME, AND I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE WHO COMES CLOSE. LOOK AT YOUR FRIENDS, TAUSHA.

IF YOU'RE A WHORE, SO ARE THEY.
EVERYONE YOU SEE IS JUST AS CONFUSED AS YOU ARE. NO ONE HERE IS EVIL.
WE JUST HAVEN'T FOUND OUR ANSWERS YET.

TAUSHA, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE MORE UNDERSTANDING OR CLOSER FRIENDS THAN YOU DO NOW. THERE ARE NO WHORES HERE.

MR. FLINTELLI, YOU'RE STILL HERE.
I DON'T THINK YOU SAW ME, BUT I WAS UP THERE ON THE ROOF TONIGHT.
GO ON.

I, UH... DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT I'M THE ONE WHO PUT THE BILOBIAN UP TO MESSING AROUND WITH THAT... WITH TAUSHA. HE WAS A PRETTY SLEAZY CHARACTER AND QUICK TO BELIEVE A LITTLE LIE OF MINE.
WHICH LIE WAS THAT, MR. FLINTELLI?


I TOLD HIM THAT RELURIANS WERE THE ABSOLUTE BEST FOR BILOBIANS, BUT YOU HID THAT FACT OUT OF SOME CRAZY PREJUDICE. I KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. I NEEDED A DIVERSION, AND THAT LITTLE CREEP WAS JUST THAT.
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE SO IMPORTANT TO SACRIFICE SOMEONE'S SANITY?

THE DESTRUCTION OF CHIFFON MANOR. I WAS HIRED BY SOME OF THE TOP BRASS IN THE LEAGUE OF DECENCY TO PLACE A BOMB THERE.
A BOMB!!

EASY, MISS CHIFFON, AFTER WHAT I SAW ON THE ROOF, I DISMANTLED IT.
MR. FLINTELLI, I'M REALLY CONFUSED. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO COME BACK AND TELL ME THIS.

YES, I DID. TONIGHT YOU TOLD TAUSHA THERE WEREN'T ANY WHORES HERE. YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY RIGHT. I'VE BEEN HERE ALL EVENING.
END

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A STRANGE AND WONDEROUS LAND CALLED HOLLYWOOD, THERE LIVED A VERY VERY VERY GOOD LITTLE WITCH... AND THAT YOU SEE WAS PRETTY MUCH HER WHOLE PROBLEM...

WYNDI

THE JAIL BAIT WITCH...

NOW WYNDI WAS IN ALL WAYS BUT TWO, A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA TEENY BOPPER... THE FIRST OF COURSE, THAT SHE WAS A WITCH,... AND THE SECOND..? WELL... UNLIKE ALL HER CLASSMATES, SHE WAS 14 ALREADY AND STILL A VIRGIN...

JOSHUA QUAGMIRE ©90 INKS F. TOBBINS...

OH I KNOW THAT MAY SOUND A TAD UNBELIEVABLE...(NO, NOT THE PART ABOUT THE WITCH!) BUT BE THAT AS IT MAY,.. ONE SATURDAY MORNING AS WYNDI AND LEROY TOOK THEIR LEAVE OF AUNT MARGARET AND THEIR LIL GINGERBREAD BUNGALOW HIGH UP IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS...

HEEHEEHEE AND WATCH OUT FOR THE AIR TRAFFIC PATTERNS AROUND LAX. WYNDI..!

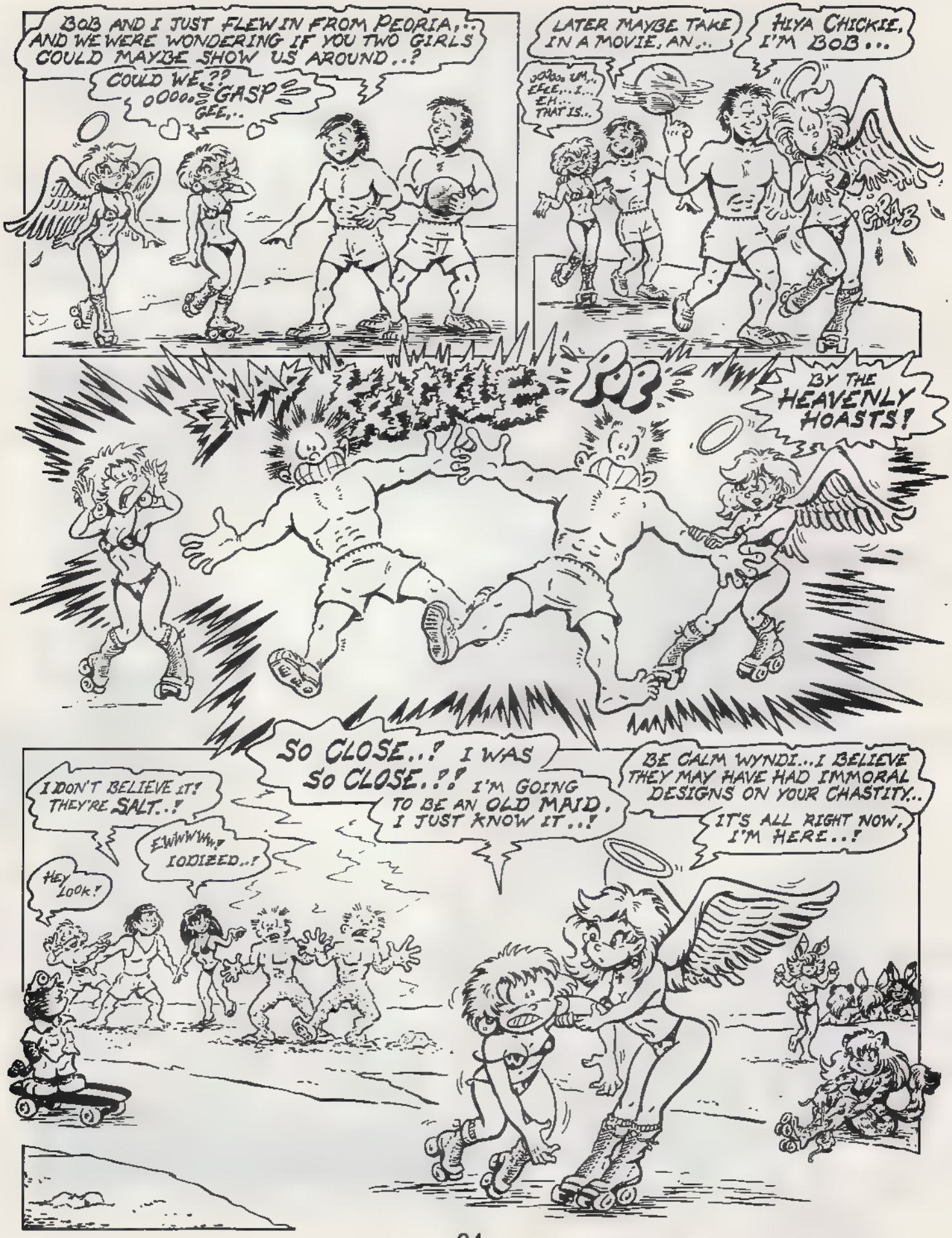
TA TA AUNTY...

EXTRA EXTRANEOUS KIBITZING BY: BARB, WALT + DICK...

WYNDI, LIKE ANY TEENAGER, WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A LI'L WEEKEND FROLIC...WHEN..
UMM/MM EXCUSE ME...
EEP!
TAP TAP
I SEEM TO BE LOST... I'M LOOKING FOR THE HOLY WOODS...
HOLYWOODS??
THIS MAP IS MISSPELLED..! IT'S HOLLYWOOD..! H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D!!
OH..! THAT MUST BE WHY THERE'S NO TREES...
WE GOT NO TREES HONEY CHILE,.. BUT PLENTY OF FRUIT...
PERESTROIKA PERESTROIKA
SNAP SNAP
HOMES OF THE STARS
PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME,.. I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY NAMED WYNDI THE TEENAGE BITCH...
OOG
THAT'S WITCH! WYNDI THE WITCH!!
WHICH WHAT..?
WITCH..! I'M A WITCH!! YOU KNOW, SPELLS, BLACK MAGIC, TURN LEAD INTO GOLD, FIX PARKING TICKETS,..THAT TYPE OF THING..!!
ODD.. THERE MUST BE SOME MIXUP... WHY WOULD THE FRONT OFFICE ASSIGN ME AS GUARDIAN ANGEL FOR A WITCH..?
IT CLEARLY SAYS 'BITCH' HERE... I WONDER WHY.?
I COULD TELL YOU,.. BUT SHE WOULDN'T LIKE IT..

WELL BEEN NICE TO MEET YOU, SO LONG, WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, GOODBYE, SORRY GOTTA BE GOING!!
B-BUT... VENICE?
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO VENICE..!
oooooGOODY! CAN I COME TOO..? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET MICHELANGELO..!
GAK
LOOK, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAG ALONG, STAY OUT OF MY WAY... OKAY..??
MAYBE AFTER VENICE, WE COULD TAKE IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL... I'D LOVE TO SEE THE RESTORATIONS..!
TALLY HO..! VENICE BEACH, BOYS, BLANKETS... BANZAI!!
THAT'S VENICE? IT LOOKS SO DIFFERENT THAN HOW I'D PICTURED IT..!
NOW ALL WE NEED ARE SOME BEACH THREADS... OH MAGIC WORDS OF POOF POOF PUFFLE, WHIP UP TWO BIKINIS ON THE DOUBLE..!

OH MY..! THREAD IS CORRECT..! ARE YOU CERTAIN ABOUT THIS WYNDI..? WE WOULD SEEMINGLY BE MORE SUITABLY ATTIRED FOR SOLOMON'S HAREM..!!
DON'T FRET,.. YOU'LL DO FINE ANGEL, AND VENICE IS THE PLACE TO BE ON THE WEEKEND TO PICK UP SOME SWINGING HUNKS..
HUNKS?
HUNKS..! YOU KNOW, GUYS, STUDS... BEEF CAKE..!! MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOMEBODY FROM OUT OF TOWN WHO HASN'T HEARD ABOUT ME..!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND...
I'M A WITCH. RIGHT..? WHEN I GET EXCITED I SORT OF LOSE CONTROL... THE LAST GUY WHO TRIED TO KISS ME, I TURNED INTO A NEWT... THE ONE BEFORE THAT IS STILL A FROG..! HE GOT AWAY BEFORE AUNT MARGARET COULD FIX HIM...
JUST A COUPLE OF TEENSY LI'L MISTAKES AND WORD GETS OUT... NOW THERE'S NOT A GUY IN SCHOOL WHO'LL COME NEAR ME..! I'M THE ONLY ONE IN CLASS WHO'S STILL A VIR... HUH??
UMMM HELLO THERE...


BOB AND I JUST FLEW IN FROM PEORIA,.. AND WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU TWO GIRLS COULD MAYBE SHOW US AROUND..?
COULD WE?? OOOO.. GASP GEE,..
LATER MAYBE TAKE IN A MOVIE, AN...
HIYA CHICKIE, I'M BOB...
OOOO.. UM... EEE... I... EH... THAT IS...
BOB
BY THE HEAVENLY HOASTS!
SO CLOSE..! I WAS SO CLOSE..!! I'M GOING TO BE AN OLD MAID, I JUST KNOW IT..!
BE CALM WYNDI...I BELIEVE THEY MAY HAVE HAD IMMORAL DESIGNS ON YOUR CHASTITY..
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, I'M HERE..!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE SALT..!
EWWWWW, IODIZED..!
HEY LOOK!

WAAAAA
IN 15 MINUTES EVERYBODY ON THE BEACH WILL'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS..!!
MY CHANCES ARE BLOWN FOR THE WEEKEND..!!
SALT! WHY SALT ?!? COULDN'T YOU AT LEAST HAVE TURNED THEM INTO RUB..
BUT IT'LL WEAR OFF IN ABOUT A...
BOING
LOOKIT THAT DUDE... I WONDER WHAT HAP...
FAR OUT SAND SCU...
HULLO! MY NAME'S WYNDI, THIS IS ANGEL, GLAD TA MEETCHA, HOW'RE YOU, I'M FINE, WE'RE JUST THE GIRLS YOU WANT TO MEET..!
YOU SAY ANYTHING ANGEL AND I'LL KILL YOU.!!
...PENED...
...LPTURES... ...UM,.. WE'RE FROM LOMPOC, AN...
GREAT! I LOVE GUYS FROM LOMPOC! C'MON, LET'S FIND A PLACE TO PARTY!
AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY, 'GABRIEL PLAYS OFF KEY,' THE FOUR OF 'EM ARE IN A LI'L NIGHT SPOT JUST OFF THE COAST, WYNDI'S POURED ABOUT A HALF DOZEN DRINKS DOWN ANGEL,..AND THINGS ARE LOOKING UP,..SO TO SPEAK..
GOODNESS,..THIS MUSIC IS INVIGORATING,.. AND HEALTHY EXERCIZE I'M SURE..!
...OOOOO I FEEL SO BUBBLY..!
PSSSST... I KNOW A SPOT THAT'S DARK AND SECLUDED...AND WE CAN GET THERE BEFORE HER DRINKS WEAR OFF, OR WE'RE ALL IN FOR A DULL EVENING..!
ABBBOPALOOP BOPS
A BOP
BAM
BOOM

AND SURE ENOUGH,..BEFORE LONG A COUPLE OF MORE THINGS ARE 'LOOKING UP'...

YOU GET THE BLANKET,.. WE'LL TAKE THE BACK SEAT...

MMMMM...IT IS WRITTEN, TO "BE FILLED WITH LOVE FOR ALL MANKIND..."

ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A WOMAN..!

OH IF YOU'VE GOT THE ITCH FOR THE LOVE OF THIS WITCH, COME HITHER, THE HEATHER IS OURS FOR THE PLEASURE...

THESE CUFFS PL.. OH!

ROWWL

ZUMP POP SNAP

ZUMP POP

OH OH!

BOUNCEY

BOUNCEY

BUT LEAVE US NOT FORGET AUNT MARGARET... REMEMBER AUNT MARGARET..??

LEROY, YOU'RE A LITTLE RAT!

BUT A HEALTHY LI'L RAT, WHO KNOWS HOW TO SQUEAK WHEN HER NIECE'S AMBITIONS WOULD MAKE MAGGIE SHRIEK...

I'LL OVERLOOK THAT FLIPPANCY... AHHHH,..I SEE HER NOW..!

THE LITTLE NINNY ISN'T TAKING PRECAUTIONS! ONLY ONE THING TO DO!!

BY THE POWERS OF DARKNESS BY THE POWERS OF LIGHT, BRING FORTH A CONDOM SLEEK STRONG AND TIGHT..!

HIYA KIDS

PLOP

FLY, FLY AWAY! CATCH MY NEICE AND DON'T DELAY!! HEE HEE HEE

OH BOY!

WHEEEEE
BOINGY BOINGY BOINGY
OGD OGD OGD
OH
...AND WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER THERE'S JOYS BEYOND MES... UH OH..!
MMMPH
SMOOSH SMOOSH
TUBBY!
OH OGD
HI YA KIDS
LET'S BE FRIENDS!
IT'S GASP ER... OH NO!!
OH DON'T! STOP!! PLEASE DON'T! OH STOP! OOOOOODONT STOP..! OH DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP DON'T STOP DON'T STOP DON'T STOP DON'T STOP DON'T STOP GASP DONT STOP DONT STOP DONT STOP DONT STOP
SLURP SLURP
AND THAT, I GUESS, JUST ABOUT WRAPS EVERYTHING UP...
HEE HEE HEE, YES KIDS,..REMEMBER, SAFE SEX IS MORE FUN THAN NO SEX AT ALL..!
GEE,.. I WISH THE CHURCH BELIEVED IN CONTRACEPTIVES..
I'M THE FRIENDLIEST CONDOM YOU KNOW..!
OH SHUTTUP!!
MMM YUMMY
Vicky
THE END... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...

LOVE is the DRUG

A SKIRMISH IN THE WAR ON DESIRE by Angela Bocage

AND SURE ENOUGH, AS THE WEEKS AND MONTHS OF CRAZY-MAKING LUST, WORRY, & THEOCRATIC LEGISLATION DRAGGED BY, AND THE ANTI-SEX PROPAGANDA CAMPAIGNS DRONED ON FROM EVERY SIDE...

I DID GO A LITTLE CRAZY. I'M NO SUPERWOMAN! AND I WAS GETTING LESS & LESS ABLE TO FACE DAYS WITHOUT DEVON...

HELLO?! I-- I THINK I'M-- I'M MAYBE A SEX ADDICT!

VERY WELL... WE'LL SEND A VAN RIGHT OVER. SO-- STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THE PHONE CORD!!

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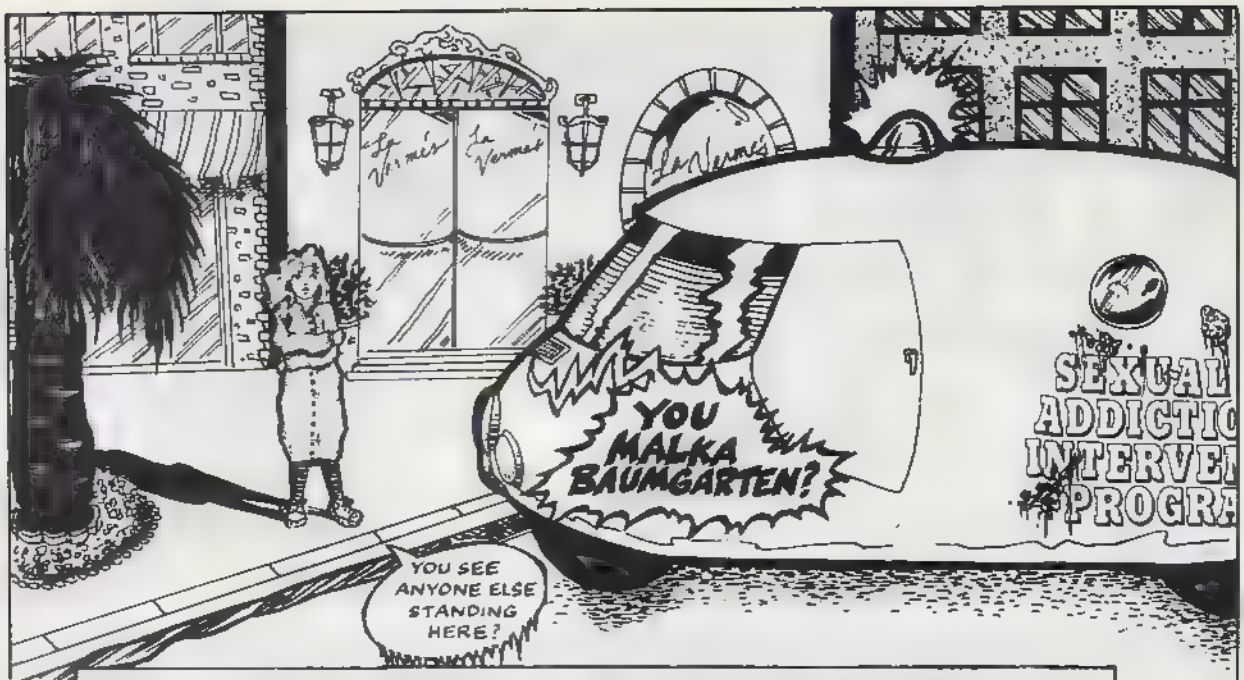
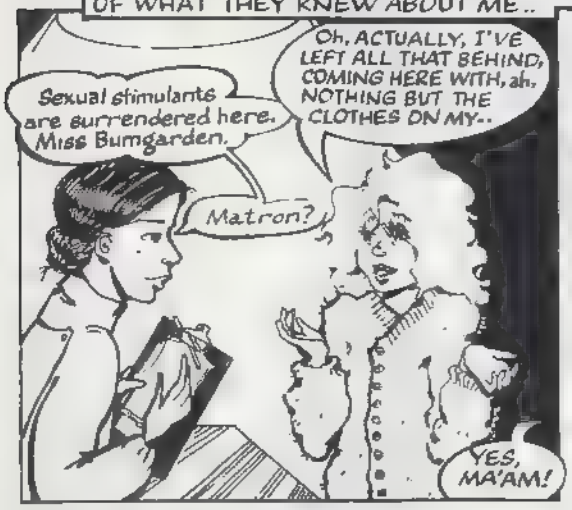
Psth. of Desire Phonas.



SURE ENOUGH, THEIR VAN ARRIVED IN MINUTES, ITS SIRENS, LIGHTS, AND LOGO MAKING ENOUGH OF A SPECTACLE... DID THEY HAFTA SAY MY NAME OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER?! AT LEAST I'D HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO HAVE 'EM MEET ME IN FRONT OF LaVERME'S® THAT FAKE-NAIL-&-SNATCH-WAXING PARLOR THE C.R. WIVES AND DAUGHTERS ARE SO CRAZY ABOUT. BUT I SOON LEARNED, FROM THE ULTRA-BLAND PROGRAM DIRECTOR, THAT MY REAL ADDRESS WAS ONLY THE *TIP* OF WHAT THEY KNEW ABOUT ME..



EACH WOMAN THERE DESCRIBED AN "ADDICTION" ALL RIGHT-- BUT NOT TO FUCKING, SO MUCH AS TO ONE DELICIOUSLY UNFORGETTABLE LOVER. AND **EACH ONE WAS DESCRIBING DEVON!**

...SO BRILLIANT, SO LOVING, SO **HOT!** HE **SMELLED** SO GOOD... **KISSED** LIKE A GOD, A PEYOTE GOD... & HE'D TRY ALMOST ANYTHING...

I COULD **NEVER** GET ENOUGH OF THAT SMOOTH, SLEEK, SLENDER BODY! FELT LIKE A FINELY CALIBRATED INSTRUMENT, OR, A HARP IN PERFECT TUNE; SO RESPONSIVE & ALIVE ALL OVER... & THAT CUTE LITTLE ASS OF HIS-- HE **WAS** A DISTANCE RUNNER--

HE COULD FUCK LIKE I COULD NOT BELIEVE! IN ANY POSITION; AND HE HAD THIS **WRIGGLE** TO GO CRAZY ON; JUST GRACE & STRENGTH & SHEER FUN... NEVER SEEN A GUY WHO **LIKED** IT MORE, EITHER!

HE COULD LICK & LICK & LICK! SO SUBTLY, SO INFINITELY, NUANCED, HE HAD TO BE **PSYCHIC!** AND WHILE HE WAS DOING THAT WITH HIS BIG, SOFT MOUTH, I'D PUT MY FINGERS IN HIS HAIR-- SO SILKY, LIKE A BABY'S! AND HAVE ORGASMS FROM MY SCALP TO MY TOES!

I TOLD THE GROUP **I** WAS DIFFERENT, MERELY A FRENZIED MASTURBATOR WHO LIKED TO IMAGINE **Rev. SWAGGART** WAS **WATCHING**... & THE MATRON WAS INSTANTLY DIRECTED TO TAKE ME TO THE INFIRMARY, WHERE I WAS TO STRIP..

TAKE A SEDATIVE (I FAKED IT), & GET BED REST."

THESE OUGHTA CALM YOU DOWN!

BUT SINCE HEARING ABOUT DEVON, ALIVE, I WAS SO EXCITED I HAD TO GET MYSELF OFF. NOBODY **STOPPED** ME, PROVING HOW PHONY THEIR "SEX ADDICT CLINIC" REALLY WAS-- IT WAS JUST ANOTHER WAY FOR THE C.R. REGIME...

..TO TRY & NEUTRALIZE REBELLION-- AND, IT WAS BECOMING CLEAR, TO **TRACE** REBELS..

THAT ONE MAY BE A WASHOUT, BUT HER GROUP SHOWS DEFINITE PROMISE!

Yeah--I HEAR THEY'RE GIVING US ONE O' THE REVOLUTION'S **BEST!**

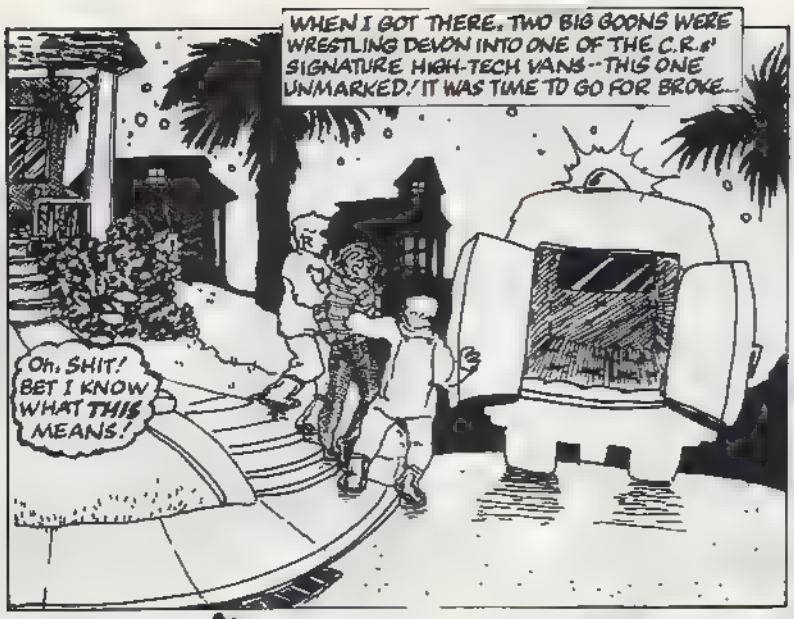
(I MEAN, LET SOMEONE ELSE DEFINE YOUR SEXUALITY-- AND THEY'VE **GOT** YOU BY THE **BALLS!**)

BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE **DEVON** YET, HE WAS FREER THAN EVEN I HAD KNOWN-- APPARENTLY PART OF THE "SEXUAL REVOLUTION BRIGADES" YOU'D HEAR ABOUT... SOMEBODY **HAD** THROWN A LOT OF SHIT AT THE VAN..

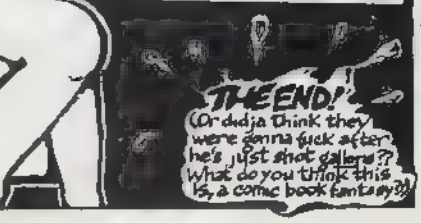
FROM THINGS THE OTHER WOMEN SAID, I FIGURED I KNEW WHERE HE WAS... AND SINCE HE'D TAUGHT ME TO RIDE, I'D HAVE A SATISFYING WAY OF GETTING THERE... SOMEONE LEFT A NICE BIKE QUITE UNPROTECTED. TRUSTED THE **LORD**, I GUESS...

Ah!

RRRRR



IF I'D BEEN ANY LATER, I MIGHT'VE FOUND A DRIED-UP HUSK, ZINC-DEPLETED TO THE POINT OF BRAIN DAMAGE! BUT AS IT WAS, HE WAS QUITE HEALTHY, IF EXHAUSTED...AND WITH THE THEFT OF THE VAN, I BEGAN MY OWN CAREER AT HIS SIDE IN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTIONARY BRIGADES!
--from The Memoirs of Mme. Malka



Actionable fiction is the coinvented form of Kirby-to-Talbot-for consultation-by-the-phone, inactivist-writing, & the "guerrilla," whose cause I make a lot of a-Blade many wonderful qualities. The character of Devon is an unidentified relative of the Sam Diamond, whose book "Spiritual Warfare: the Politics of the Christian Right," is my comic-book fantasy!

Solo Flight

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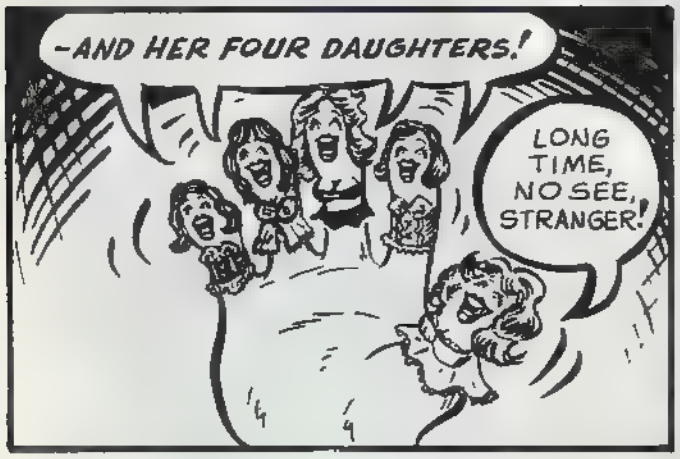
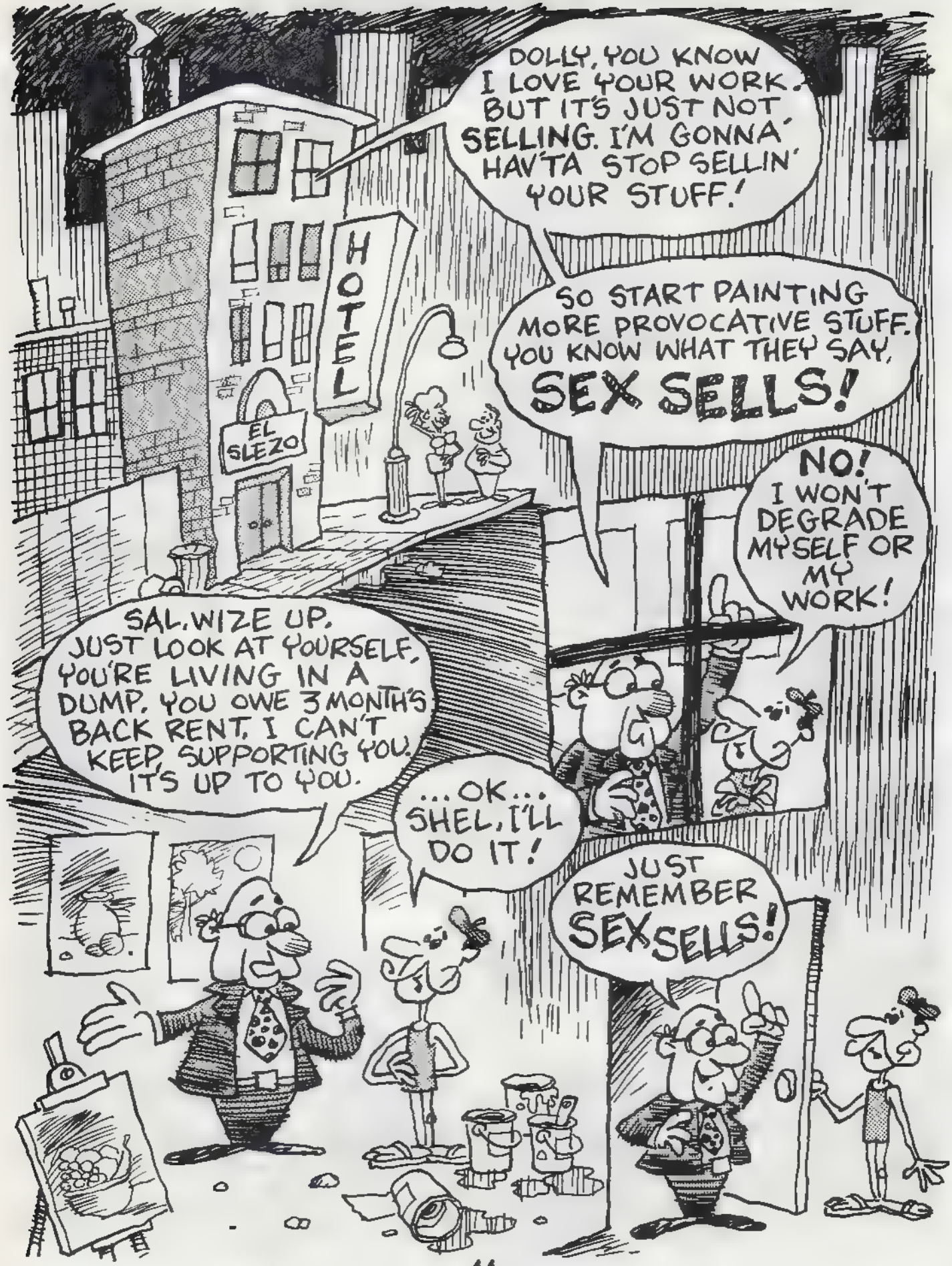


I DON'T KNOW, IT'S NOT THE SAME AS BEING WITH JUDY...
C'MON, PETER, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MASTURBATION! EVERYBODY DOES IT— IT'S NATURAL—AND SAFE!
YEAH, PETER. THINK ABOUT YOUR OTHER ALTERNATIVES. YOU DON'T WANT TO GO THRU THAT WHOLE BAR SCENE AGAIN, DO YOU?
WELL, NO...
AND I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO GET A PROSTITUTE, NOT WITH AIDS GOING AROUND!
AND BESIDES, YOU AND JUDY GOT A GOOD THING. YOU CAN SPEND ALL NIGHT WITH US AND STILL BE FAITHFUL!
WELL, NO OFFENSE, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY COMPARE TO BEING WITH ANOTHER PERSON...

PETER, HAVING A GOOD IMAGINATION IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF "REAL SEX". INDULGING IN SOLITARY FANTASIES CAN ACTUALLY HELP YOU PERFORM WITH ANOTHER PERSON!
AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING ANY OF US PREGNANT!
YEAH, AND WE'LL NEVER CALL YOU UP AT A BAD TIME!
AND WE NEVER GET JEALOUS!
ALRIGHT, PETER, ENOUGH OF ALL THIS TALK! LET'S GET IT ON !!!

YEAHH!!!
WELL, I SUPPOSE I CAN'T LET ALL OF YOU DOWN...
ZZZIIPP

MASTURBATION
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT
JUST DO IT!
A message from Planned Parenthood and the Ad Council


DOLLY, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOUR WORK. BUT IT'S JUST NOT SELLING. I'M GONNA HAV'TA STOP SELLIN' YOUR STUFF!
HOTEL
EL SLEZO
SO START PAINTING MORE PROVOCATIVE STUFF. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, SEX SELLS!
NO! I WON'T DEGRADE MYSELF OR MY WORK!
SAL, WIZE UP. JUST LOOK AT YOURSELF. YOU'RE LIVING IN A DUMP. YOU OWE 3 MONTH'S BACK RENT. I CAN'T KEEP SUPPORTING YOU. IT'S UP TO YOU.
...OK... SHEL, I'LL DO IT!
JUST REMEMBER SEX SELLS!

SO SAL DOLLY BEGINS..
BUT HE GETS SO CAUGHT UP IN HIS OWN WORK, THAT WHEN IT'S TIME TO SELL...
I LOVE IT, SAL I'LL GIVE YOU $50,000.00 FOR IT!
NO! I'LL NEVER GIVE HER UP.
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER PENNY FROM ME! WHATTA' YA GONNA' DO NOW? TAKE HER TO THE CARRIBEAN ?!!
SO, LATER THAT DAY..
SHEL, WAS RIGHT, SEX SAILS!
HA HA HA HA
J.P 90'

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
©1990 by GILBERT SHELTON
FREDDY, DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAY TO TEACH YOUR CAT TO USE THE TOILET, THEREBY SAVING MONEY ON CAT LITTER AS WELL AS ENDING ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION TO THE DEGRADATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT?
YOU CAN TEACH ANY CAT? EVEN AN OLD, STUBBORN ONE?
YES INDEED! FIRST, YOU COVER THE TOILET HOLE WITH PLASTIC...
...THEN YOU CUT A SMALL DRAIN HOLE IN THE CENTER...
...THEN SPRINKLE SOME CAT LITTER ON...
EACH DAY YOU MAKE THE HOLE A LITTLE BIGGER...
...UNTIL AT THE END OF A WEEK WHEN THE HOLE IS AS BIG AS THE TOILET HOLE, AND THEN YOU DON'T NEED THE PLASTIC ANY MORE!
WOW! WHAT A NEAT IDEA! I'LL TRY IT OUT RIGHT NOW!
WHEW! ALL FINISHED! THAT SURE WAS A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GO TO!
...AND NOW I HAVE TO USE THE TOILET! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
I'LL HAVE TO USE THE CAT BOX!
?!
...SO I SHAT IN HIS STEREO HEADPHONES! I MEAN, I COULDN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH TRYING TO MESS AROUND WITH MY MIND LIKE THAT, COULD I?
NO WAY!
REALLY!
END

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
©1969 BY GILBERT SHELTON
SOMETIMES IT'S REALLY HARD TO WAKE FAT FREDDY UP IN THE MORNING SO HE'LL FEED ME!
I HAVE TO WALK ALL OVER HIM!
I'LL PULL HIS COVERS OFF!
GOSH, HE WAS UP AWFULLY LATE LAST NIGHT DRINKING AND TAKING WHO KNOWS WHAT OTHER DRUGS! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...
MAYBE HE'S DEAD!
HEH HEH HEH HEH!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!
ARRRRRGGGHHHHHH!
HAW HAW HAW! HAR HAR HAR!
NOW THAT YOU'RE UP, YOU CAN FEED ME!
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE AWARE OF IT, BUT CAT LAUGHTER IS A REALLY IRRITATING SOUND!
SMACK
SCARF
SNURK
SNICKER
END

UNCLE JOE EXPLAINS:
PERESTROIKA MADE EASY...
JOSHUA QUAGMIRE 590..
GRITTINKS KOMRAD KIDSKIS...BACK IN MY DAY AS LEADER OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, WE TOO ALLOWED FREEDOM OF SPEECH..
SPUOSKI DUEUSKIS ARE TOO LONGSKI!
ONLY RULE WAS...YOU WERE ONLY FREE TO SAY IT ONCE...
CLOP
BOT NOW TO YOU I AM INTRODUCINK MY LEEDLE PAL GORBY, WHO FOR US WILL SING THE MEANINK OF PERESTROIKA...
HALLO UNCLE JOE
PERESTROIKA... PERESTROIKA... HOW'S BY YOU..? HOW'S BY YOU..? WE ARE NOW DISSARMINK... COURTEOUS AND CHARMINK..! VY NOT YOU..? VY NOT YOU..?
A ONE AN A TWO..
PERESTROIKA PERESTROIKA... WE SMILE FOR YOU... BIG GRIN TOO..! WE HAVE GOT NEW MOTTO "NO MORE GETTINK SHOTTO" WE'RE NICE TOO... WE'RE NICE TOO!
DOTS A NICE..
APPLAUSE
SUNG TO: FRERE JACQUES...
NOW LET US TO INTRODUCE OUR ODDER LEELE PAL... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SING FOR US GEORGY..??
SING?!? BAH HUMBUG!! I SAY, "MUMBLE INCOHERENTLY AND CARRY A BIG STICK..!!" I'M GONNA SMASH THOSE PANDEMANIANS..! THEN I'LL GET THE SANDINISTAS..! THEN THOSE LOUSY LIBERAL DEMOCRATS TOO..!!
ENOUGH!!
SWAT
GOSHAROOTSKI THAT WAS NEAT, UNCLE JOE!
FEHHH!
NEXT TIME ARE YOU TELLINK US MEANINK OF GLASNOST..?
YOU CALL THIS A BIG SMASH ENDING..?? POO..!!
WELL, IS HARD TO TOPSKI MY NUMBER... C'MON GEORGY...I BUY YOU A BORSCHT...

SEX COMIX

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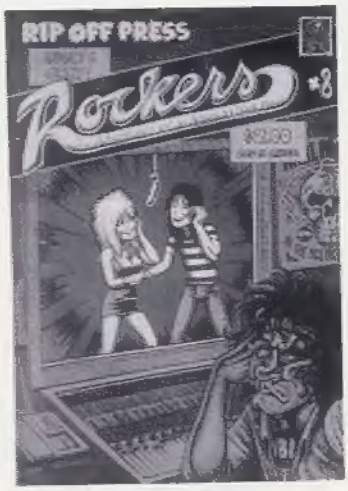
Write to: Rip Off Press, Inc. P.O. Box 4686, Auburn CA 95604.

STRIPS

Confusion, heartache and hot sex in the dorms. Our bi-monthly series follows the escapades of Zack McInerny, a young cartoonist on the verge of adulthood.



ROCKERS

R.L. Crabb's great series about sex, drugs and rock & roll as a homegrown band struggles to make it to the top.

DOLL

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OMAHA

Complex human sexual and emotional relationships are explored in a story that continues from issue to issue. Reed Waller's sexy artwork makes skillful use of animal characters to represent the personalities of people.

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